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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 13, 1954 / 20¢

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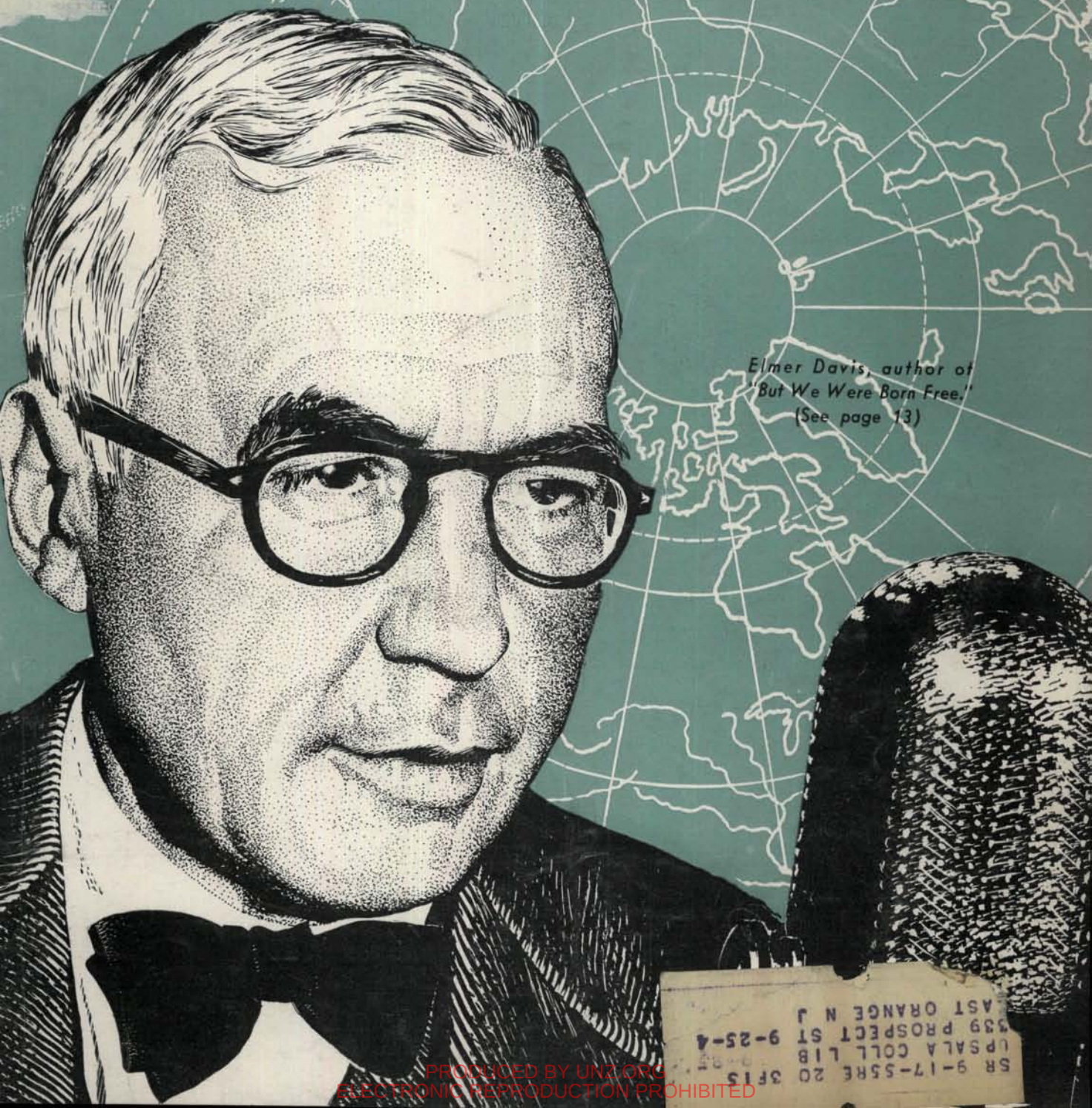
"IF WE ARE TO ACT LIKE FREE MEN"
By Curtis Bok



Elmer Davis, author of "But We Were Born Free."
(See page 13)

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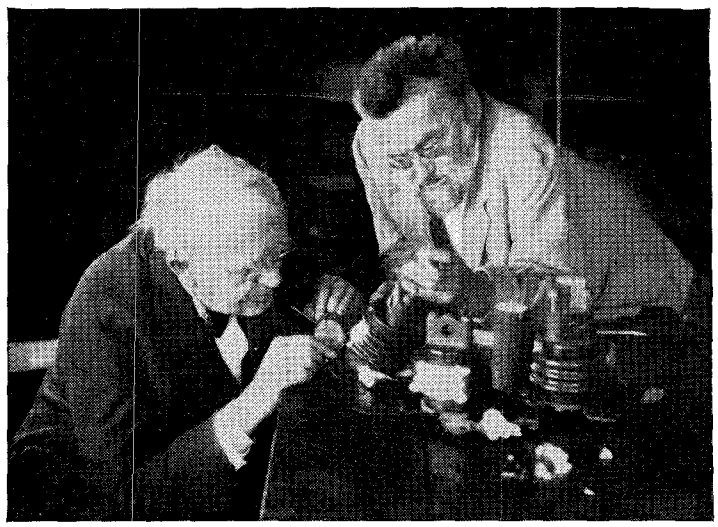

EDISON and STEINMETZ exchange ideas on a research problem. Schenectady, N. Y., 1922.

"I start where the last man left off"

—Thomas A. Edison

Edison, to explain his incessant and tireless reading of scientific journals, technical papers, patents and books, said that he read to avoid useless repetition of old experiments. "I start where the last man left off."

What Edison knew, and perhaps said in an unquoted moment, is that thousands of men would be needed to "start where *he* left off."

"Just wait a little while," prophesied Edison, "and we'll make electric light so cheap that only the wealthy can afford to burn candles." Edison lived to see lamps that gave four times as much light and cost one-fifth as much to buy. And electric lighting has progressed far beyond that.

He recognized that an invention does not *end* a search. It *begins* a search.

The lamp was a beginning in forcing not only its own evolution but the evolution of meters, fuses, sockets, wiring, power distribution systems, transformers and generating stations.

He lived to see the company that was formed to carry on development of electric light and power evolve into one of the world's most important industrial research centers. Today General Electric laboratories employ several thousand men and women who are seeking new things on widely different fronts.

It is seventy-five years since Edison lit the first successful carbon lamp. He will be remembered for inventions that changed the world. But let him be remembered, too, for inspiring so many men to start where he left off.

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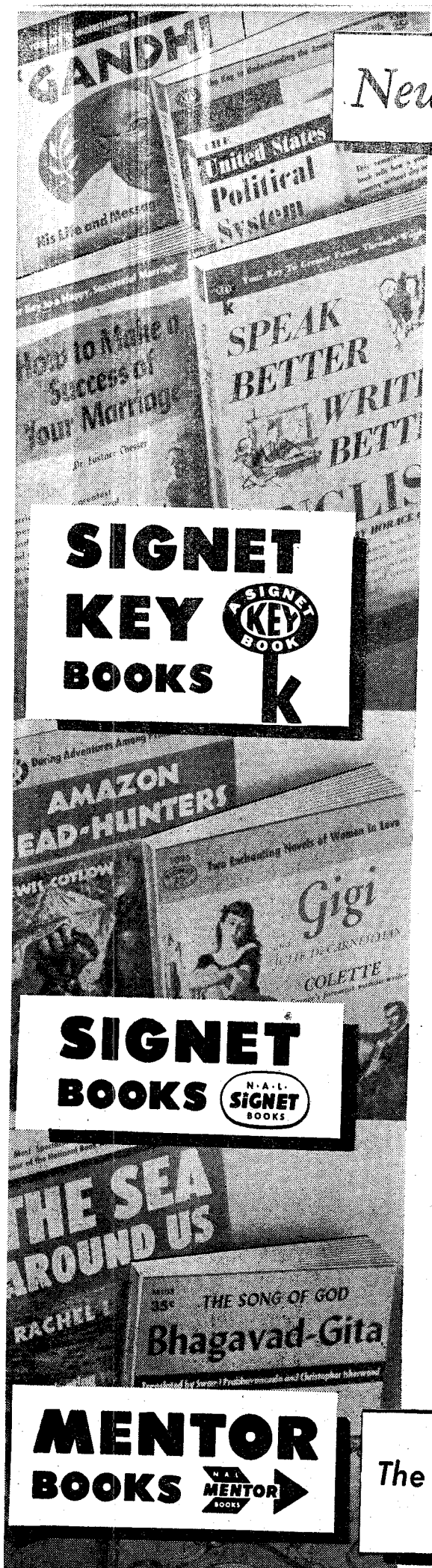

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The toughest book for a novelist to write is frequently not the first, but the second.

¶ Almost anybody can write one novel (and a glance at our incoming manuscripts room sometimes suggests that everybody has), but to go the route twice takes a special ability. This is particularly true if the first book has been published and had a great success.

¶ An exception is Helen Eustis. Her first book, "The Horizontal Man," was a mystery novel which won all kinds of praise back in 1946, and was especially popular among people who, like me, don't ordinarily read mysteries.

¶ Miss Eustis's new novel is quite different from her first.

¶ Entitled "The Fool Killer," it is the story of a twelve-year-old boy who runs away from his foster parents in mid-America during the 1870's. About all it has in common with "The Horizontal Man" is the excellence of the writing.

¶ "The Fool Killer" utilizes an American folk legend which has served as the basis for short stories by O. Henry and Stephen Vincent Benét.

¶ It is a book written to appeal to all ages. Reading it makes young people feel grown-up and older ones young again.

¶ Don't misunderstand me, though. "The Fool Killer" is not a children's book. It's a book for mature readers, whether they are old or young. And, above all, "The Fool Killer" is not just a time killer.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Fool Killer," by Helen Eustis, has just been published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. It may be obtained from any bookseller for $2.75.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

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Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden

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SR's Library Poll

RELIGION, aviation, and World War II—themes that have dominated readers' preferences in fact and fiction over the past year—have been augmented by a fourth theme in *SR*'s latest poll of patrons of public libraries in large cities from coast to coast. "The Doctors," André Soubiran's somewhat gory novel of French hospital operating rooms, has just been joined by a considerably superior literary performance, "Not as a Stranger," by Morton Thompson.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)
5. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)
6. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
7. **The Secret Diary**
   of Harold L. Ickes (G)
8. **Triumph and Tragedy**
   by Winston Churchill (G)
9. **Not as a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
10. **Beyond this Place**
    by A. J. Cronin (F)
11. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
12. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
13. **The High and the Mighty**
    by Ernest K. Gann (F)
14. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
15. **The Doctors**
    by André Soubiran (F)
16. **The Devil's Laughter**
    by Frank Yerby (F)
17. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
    by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
18. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
19. **The Voices of Silence**
    by André Malraux (G)
20. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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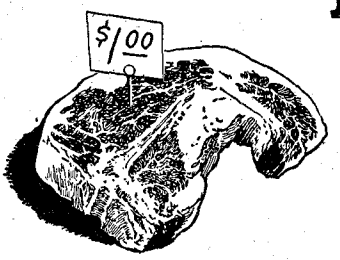

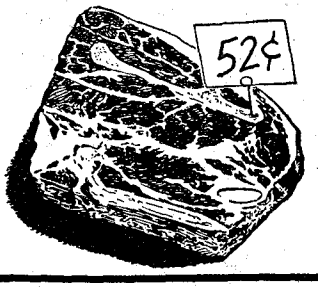

	No. Lbs. in 1,000-lb. Steer	Retail Price per lb.		No. Lbs. in 1,000-lb. Steer	Retail Price per lb.
Porterhouse, T-bone & Club Steak	35	$1.00	Pot or Chuck Roast	105	$ .52
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So steak—with supply limited and demand high—just has to cost more. (It's the same law that makes gold cost more than the more plentiful nickel—diamonds worth more than the less scarce turquoises.)

If each steer provided the same number of pounds of each cut—and if everybody liked each cut equally well—all cuts of beef would be priced exactly the same.

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

The other evening we were browsing among our books at home and reflecting sadly how little time there was to reread some of the good things on our shelves. Picking up *The Little Clay Cart*, translated from the Sanskrit of many centuries ago and published in 1905 in the Harvard Oriental Series, we came across this Note by the editor:

"With the battle of the Sea of Japan another turning-point in the brief course of recorded human history has been reached. Whatever the outcome of the negotiations for peace, one thing is sure: for better, for worse, and whether we will or no, the West must know the East, and the East must know the West. With that knowledge will inevitably come an interchange of potent influences . . . that will affect profoundly . . . all the elements that make up the civilizations of the two hemispheres. It is a part of the responsibility resting upon the molders and leaders of the thought and life of our time, and upon our Universities in particular, to see to it that these new forces . . . are directed aright."

Well, we thought, what an apt introduction to a piece on our recent publication, **The White Umbrella,** by D. Mackenzie Brown ($3.75). Even more than ever the East is of importance to us. There has been another battle of the "Sea of Japan"; the outcome of other peace negotiations is uncertain; and of the countries in the East, India plays an ever-increasingly important role.

Our book, which takes its title from the ancient Hindu symbol of political sovereignty, used in the rituals of coronation, is the first work to provide a broad, documented survey of ancient and modern Indian political thought—from Manu to Gandhi. It is a study of the landmarks of Indian thought and of the theories which have been most influential and persistent in historical times. Although it offers the student of political theory a scholarly interpretation of Hindu ideas, the book will also be enjoyed by the general reader.

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TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's column is by John Barkham, frequent contributor to* SR *and managing editor of* Coronet.

AS ONE WHO IS PARTIAL to a good life story and reads many of them every year, I have long since learned to divide them into two classes: autobiographies and ought-not-to-biographies. I cite these private labels because my favorite subject for an ought-to-biography—a man of action and a man of letters—has been much in the news again. No, I am not referring to any of our World War II generals or admirals, most of whom have already sold their lives dearly. I am thinking of Ernest Hemingway. Where among the living will you find a life more genuinely compounded of adventure

and artistic achievement? Hemingway is a more fabulous character than any he ever created. His biography, if he ever gets around to writing it, will be at once a chronicle of action and the credo of an artist who ignored the mass culture of his age to live and write as he pleased.

Hemingway's latest brush with death in Africa reminds me that it was he who, in the Thirties, started the literary safaris from the United States that have since become so fashionable. One of these days traffic cops will be needed to regulate the stream of jeeps in the Great Rift Valley, all driven by Americans with guns in their hands and manuscripts on their minds.

A new book-length Hemingway report on Africa would be very welcome, of course. If he writes it, I hope he clears up one point arising out of his "Green Hills of Africa." Last summer, on a flight down Africa, my wife found herself seated in the Comet next to Laurens van der Post, whose "Venture to the Interior" is one of the best books on Africa written in recent years. They got into a discussion as to whether the hills of Africa were in fact green, as Hemingway said they were. Van der Post argued that they were blue most of the time and hardly ever green. My own recollection is that they are green in the early morning light and turn blue when the sun strikes them, shading to a gorgeous purple in the twilight. I hope to check on this personally next July.

"OUT OF AFRICA always something new," runs the old tag. Nowadays that something new generally takes the form of large bundles of manuscript headed from South Africa for the publishing houses of New York. The renaissance in South African writing is now reaching remarkable proportions. There are fewer than two-and-a-half million white persons in South Africa, and of these only half have English as their native tongue. Yet in a few years these industrious folk have made a sizable dent in the literary consciousness of the American reading public. This spring alone another twenty or so African books are destined to see the light here. At this rate the man of distinction in South Africa will soon be the fellow who has *not* written a book.

THE 1954 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS, one of which went to Conrad Aiken for his "Collected Poems," raises a bothersome question which has cropped up before. Should the Awards go to *any* book published in a particular year, or to an *original* book published in that year? Having attended all the National Book Award ceremonies since their inception, I first heard the question asked the year the judges gave the fiction prize to William Faulkner's "Collected Stories," a volume of earlier writings extending back twenty years. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that the Awards were not meant to cover collected works, reprints, new editions, etc., but were designed as accolades for original writing.

I am willing to concede that so little serious poetry is being published these days that the judges may conceivably find themselves in the position of being unable to make an award if restricted to original poetry published in any one year. Nevertheless, better no award, it seems to me, than one given for a whole corpus of work, as in the case of Marianne Moore and now Conrad Aiken.

Most of the book people with whom I have discussed this agree that the situation should be cleared up one way or the other. So far as I know, the NBA organizers have laid down no firm policy in this matter, and each set of judges has proceeded according

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to its lights. No one is proposing that the judgment of these gentlemen should be fettered in any way. (Heaven forbid!) Nor should these remarks be construed as criticism of their choices, past or present. All I urge is that the basis on which the Awards are made be spelled out clearly for the future guidance of judges. My vote: medals for *new* books only.

SOME YEARS AGO, when I was working on a profile of King Peter of Yugoslavia, I tried to draw the King out on the subject of his highly picturesque ancestors. The royal court at that time was situated in the Hotel Carlyle, on New York's upper East Side, and I felt that the article needed more color. However, the King politely declined to talk about his family and let me know that when and if that story was told he would do the telling himself.

He meant it, too. For many months past King Peter has been slaving over his memoirs, which Putnam's will publish in this country and Cassell's in Britain. The book might have been published in half the time had the King not stubbornly insisted on writing every word of it himself. (No ghost-hirer he.) One of the Putnam editors informs me that the King has indeed told all. Sample: his grandfather acceded to the throne by the simple expedient of tossing the then King out of a palace window. When the widowed Queen objected Peter's grandpa tossed her out, too. "Royal Odyssey" will be out in the late spring.

THE OTHER DAY I heard about the lawyer in one of our big cities, a member of the Matrimonial Law Committee of the Bar Association no less, who sent a letter to the Harvard University Press concerning their biography of the English poet Richard Savage. The title of the book is "The Artificial Bastard," which prompted our inquiring lawyer to write thus: "We expect to sponsor legislation pertaining to artificial insemination, and I am wondering whether the aforementioned book has anything to do with artificial insemination in humans. If it does deal with said subject will you kindly advise where I can buy said book."

A NEW GALLUP SURVEY on reading habits in the United States and Britain puts into figures what most of us have long realized. The average American, the pollsters found, is better educated than the average Briton but reads only half as many books. It seems we prefer reading magazines to books, which is probably why our magazines are the best in the world. True, the British have still to feel the full impact of

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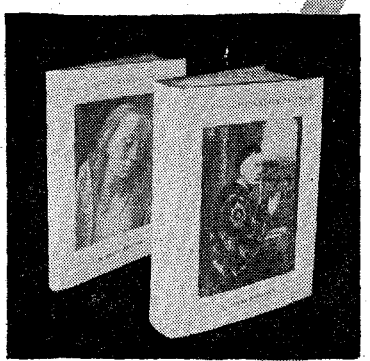

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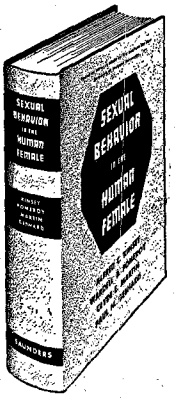

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television on leisure time as we have felt it here, but I'll go out on a limb and say that it won't stop them reading books. The average European has an ingrained respect for a book and pays attention to its message. The average American all too often looks on books as furniture and believes that messages should be delivered only by Western Union.

THE THOUGHT OF UNPUBLISHED masterpieces is a gnawing one for anybody concerned with books. The reader naturally asks: how if it is unpublished can you tell that it is a masterpiece? A good question, but here are two cases where the high quality of unpublished manuscripts may legitimately be assumed.

On page 201 of "The Gathering Storm," the opening volume of his World War II history, Winston Churchill notes: "By the end of 1936 I became absorbed in my 'History of the English-Speaking Peoples,' which I actually finished before the war and which will some day be published." Such a history could conceivably be a masterpiece, but since 1939—for reasons best known to the author—it has lain unseen by public eyes.

The second instance I cite is that of André Malraux, author of the highly praised "The Voices of Silence," who passed through New York the other day. He told of a book he had written during World War II, while France was occupied. It was a long novel called "La Lutte avec L'Ange" ("The Struggle with the Angel"), dealing with Europe in the years leading up to the French collapse. The Nazis discovered his manuscript and destroyed it. Malraux has never since rewritten it. Why? "Because I cannot write a story the ending of which I already know."

IN HIS FORTHCOMING book, "The Royal Family" (Knopf), Pierre Berton records that in 1952 Queen Elizabeth II became annoyed at newspaper reports that she was pregnant. She summoned her Prime Minister and, stamping

the royal foot, declared: "I expect these rumors to stop!"

Churchill bowed out of the Queen's presence and was heard to mutter: "She may not be pregnant, but she is certainly regnant."

—JOHN BARKHAM.

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 13, 1954

Judge Curtis Bok

"A few years ago I protected nine unpleasant books against the charge of obscenity. I do not remember putting in a more lugubrious six weeks than while reading them. Holding my nose with one hand, I upheld with the other the right of free speech that they represented. For this I got a certain amount of acclaim."

"IF WE ARE TO ACT LIKE FREE MEN . . ."

By CURTIS BOK, *Judge of Philadelphia's Court of Common Pleas No. 6 and author of "The Backbone of the Herring" and "I, Too, Nicodemus," who delivered this address at the National Book Award ceremonies in New York City on January 26.*

A YOUNG friend of mine was recently cleared of a murder charge to which he had falsely confessed as the result of police brutality and the violation of everything we know as due process of law. In consequence, he served twelve years of a life sentence. When I asked him what he had learned from the experience he had two crisp replies: one, the need for able and honest counsel, and, two, the constant need for due process. He had not known at his trial that he was entitled to either. He said that he and other young men like him believed that society and the law were both against them, and that their only rights were to take the easiest way out of a hard bargain.

In the whole history of law and order the longest step forward was taken by primitive man when, as if by common consent, the tribe sat down in a circle and allowed only one man to speak at a time. An accused who is shouted down has no rights whatever. Unless people have an instinct for procedure their conception of basic human rights is a waste of effort, and wherever we see a negation of those rights it can be traced to a lack, an inadequacy, or a violation of procedure. Hence procedure effectively comes first: the mechanics of argument and discovery are often set up before the rights they serve take full form in practice. Even the common law had its origin in a group of writs drawn for various uses by Henry II. The law was common only in the sense that the writs were uniform throughout the jurisdiction of the King's judges.

The work of Congressional investigating committees is a good example of what happens when there is no procedure. There is no quarrel with the idea that we want dishonesty or Communism in the machinery of our Government no more than we want sand in the machinery of our cars. Both have an abrasive quality that we can do without. But there is a difference between investigating whether there are bears in North Dakota and whether there are Communists there, and hence there is a real question, in terms of human values, of whether the proceeding is essentially exploratory or criminal.

The current committee says that its object is to expose Communists and that it is not a crime to be one. A witness asked if he is one refuses to answer, arguing that since it is a crime under the Smith Act to advocate the violent overthrow of the Government he might incriminate himself if he should admit to membership in a group that does advocate it. In any court proceeding it is the judge's duty to pass on the validity of a refusal to answer. If the committee believes that it is not a crime to be a Communist it should over-

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rule the plea of the Fifth Amendment and cite the witness for contempt. But it accepts the plea and thereby lends some weight to the view that the proceedings are essentially criminal. If so what about the witness's right to know the indictment, to have the active aid of counsel, and to be confronted with the witnesses against him? These rights are not given him, and it is little wonder, faced with such a hybrid, that witnesses plead the Fifth Amendment who would need not do so if there were adequate procedure. The result serves neither the Government nor its citizens as well as might be.

It is less important to call particular Senators hard names than it is to belabor Congress to provide proper procedure. After all, the challenge we face is not the issue between Communism and capitalism but the issue between freedom and slavery, and if we are to act like free men we will win by vitalizing our procedures, not by trying to put handcuffs on a gale of wind.

I KNOW that you are primarily interested in the First Amendment, which guarantees freedom of speech and press. This, with freedom of religion, is for the moment in a relatively quiet backwater. The Fourth and Fifth Amendments will be the battleground this year, when Congress considers watering down the Fifth by making witnesses speak, in return for immunity from prosecution, and interprets the Fourth, which secures against unreasonable searches and seizures, to allow legislation making wire-tapping legal.

Aside from desultory sniping in the form of local censoring ordinances, the First Amendment should enjoy an uneasy peace. There is rarely more than one major constitutional battle going on at a time, but when one great right becomes the area of a fighting faith others become sympathetically warm. Who dares to write radically about political and economic subjects today? Nor is the battle joined evenly. A recent effort to regulate sound trucks was met by a loud cry that freedom of speech was in danger. But when the New York newspapers were struck two months ago few people raised the same cry. For ten days the newspapers wanted greatly to speak but could not. Why wasn't this an obvious violation of the First Amendment? The answer lies, I think, in procedure. Labor has the right to assemble, to bargain collectively, and to strike. This form of economic due process has won such wide approval that the newspapers' right to speak went quietly out of the window for ten days.

The great corner columns of our freedom are considered immutable, but they do take different shapes on different occasions, at different times, and under different pressures. You will remember Homer's telling us that Paris's peculiar sin in seducing Helen of Troy was not that he violated Menelaus's wife but that he violated Menelaus's hospitality—a breach of domestic due process that was the more grievous offense in those days. Certainly the difference between the sound truck and the newspaper cases is not one of quality. Speech by sound truck represents little more than the right to open one's mouth at will and bray. Possibly the difference lies in governmental as opposed to private censorship, but—comparing the value of the two media—that falls short of a full answer. The fact remains that public opinion considered labor's right to strike as more important than the incidental burden on the press to keep its mouth shut for ten days. I don't say that this is right or wrong: I do say that you cannot always tell which procedure will come out on top at a given time.

The whole subject is colored by custom and usage more or less temporary in a swiftly moving economy. As a lawman I grasp eagerly at custom. We deal in naked legal rights, and the more naked they are the less they have to do with taste, manners, and decorum. A few years ago I protected nine unpleasant books against the charge of obscenity. I do not remember putting in a more lugubrious six weeks than while reading them. Holding my nose with one hand, I upheld with the other the right of free speech that they represented. For this I got a certain amount of acclaim. Twenty years ago Judge Woolsey got more acclaim for clearing "Ulysses." This only means that "Ulysses" was even naughtier than the books I cleared. The more extreme the book the greater the acclaim, apparently, and this should make one wince a little, unless the whole issue be evaded by defending the stenographic approach to reporting life. Maybe the stenographer's notebook generates an awful power of its own by showing precisely what exists, but except in the rare hands of a master it is only the power of dead weight on the loose, like a runaway freight car.

I want to leave you a picture of judges who do not necessarily enjoy upholding the brave, the wild, and the free. They enjoy forging a taut legal opinion, but they can resent the need to apply their best effort to the products of the dung heap. I have been told, if this sounds condescending, that we should not anchor the law to the preconceptions of the past. That is beside the point. I would anchor the law to the better conception, whether it be past or present, and people know when one idea is better than another, although it may take time to make their choice effective. Where they get in trouble is in creating the means to the end, and

(*Continued on page* 56)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

STAG LINE

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, lists on the left ten males who are subjects of biographies by contemporary writers who are by no means all males. In the center column are the titles of the works, on the right the authors. Can you make the double matches? Allowing five points for each correct hitch, a score of sixty is mediocre, seventy is ocre, and eighty or better superocre. Answers on page 51.

1. Benito Mussolini	( )	"The Builder"	( ) Catherine Bowen
2. John D. Rockefeller	( )	"Yankee from Olympus"	( ) Arthur Mizener
3. H. L. Mencken	( )	"The Far Side of Paradise"	( ) Philip Dorf
4. Ezra Cornell	( )	"Good Night, Sweet Prince"	( ) William Manchester
5. F. Scott Fitzgerald	( )	"The Great Man"	( ) Allan Nevins
6. Oliver Wendell Holmes	( )	"Man of Fire"	( ) Eleanor Ruggles
7. George Washington	( )	"Prince of Players"	( ) MacKinley Helm
8. John Barrymore	( )	"Disturber of the Peace"	( ) George Seldes
9. José Clemente Orozco	( )	"Sawdust Caesar"	( ) Howard Swiggett
10. Edwin Booth	( )	"Study in Power"	( ) Gene Fowler

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With Malice Toward None . . . (*Except Lincoln's Wife*)

By RUTH PAINTER RANDALL,
author of "Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage."

—*Culver.*

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln in the White House—"'Love is eternal'."

IF a Gallup poll were to be taken today on Mary Lincoln a majority of Americans would be likely to describe her as a cold, selfish, calculating shrew. This would be the result in large part of the portrait (or caricature) of Mrs. Lincoln presented by Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon, in his biography of Lincoln published twenty-four years after the President's death. For Herndon disliked Mrs. Lincoln intensely, and this hatred was a tremendous factor affecting his portrayal of Mrs. Lincoln.

Working with it was Herndon's sincere conviction that he was clairvoyant, that he could read people's minds, and that he knew truth by his own power of intuition. With his "mud instinct" and "dog sagacity" he could see, as he said, "to the gizzard" of a question. He employed a curious pseudo-psychoanalysis to reach his conclusions, elaborately reasoning out what should be true by "the lines of human conduct." A man holding such convenient theories is likely to end by believing what he wants to believe and, hating Mrs. Lincoln, Herndon wanted to believe the worst about her.

For many years Herndon's peculiarities were not fully understood. Meanwhile his distorted account of Mrs. Lincoln had become thoroughly embedded in Lincoln literature and had powerfully influenced an innocent public's estimate of an unfortunate woman who was bright-minded, warm-hearted, and affectionate, but who was also nervous, emotionally unstable, and to some degree abnormal—especially in later years. Unfortunately, Herndon's mental gymnastics continue to becloud her reputation, for writers and the public persist with the work he so ignobly advanced; they approach Mrs. Lincoln with a hostile viewpoint and unconsciously twist and torture statements in order to give her the worst possible interpretation.

From the vast array of Lincoln books two small examples will serve to show how this tendency operates. That Lincoln did not know happiness with the woman he married, that he did not love her, and that she did not love him were unfounded theories generated in Herndon's mind. Lincoln never said he was domestically unhappy. But in the following incident we see how certain words of his were by main force twisted into an expression of unhappiness.

About two and a half months after he married Mary Todd he wrote his friend Joshua Speed: "How the marriage life goes with us I will tell you when I see you here, which I hope will be very soon." The big question with the Lincolns at that time was the prospect of Mary having a baby. It was a bit early to announce it, especially as such matters were treated in the Victorian era, but by the time Joshua came to Springfield things would be further along and the news could be told to this intimate friend. This is a reasonable guess at Lincoln's meaning. Yet his words have been interpreted as suggesting some disappointment in his marriage. Then, this unwarranted conjecture having been made, it is treated as a fact and is followed by the assertion that never afterwards did Lincoln express a word of unhappiness in his new relationship. (Not to leave the "big question" up in the air, one should perhaps state that Robert Todd Lincoln was born

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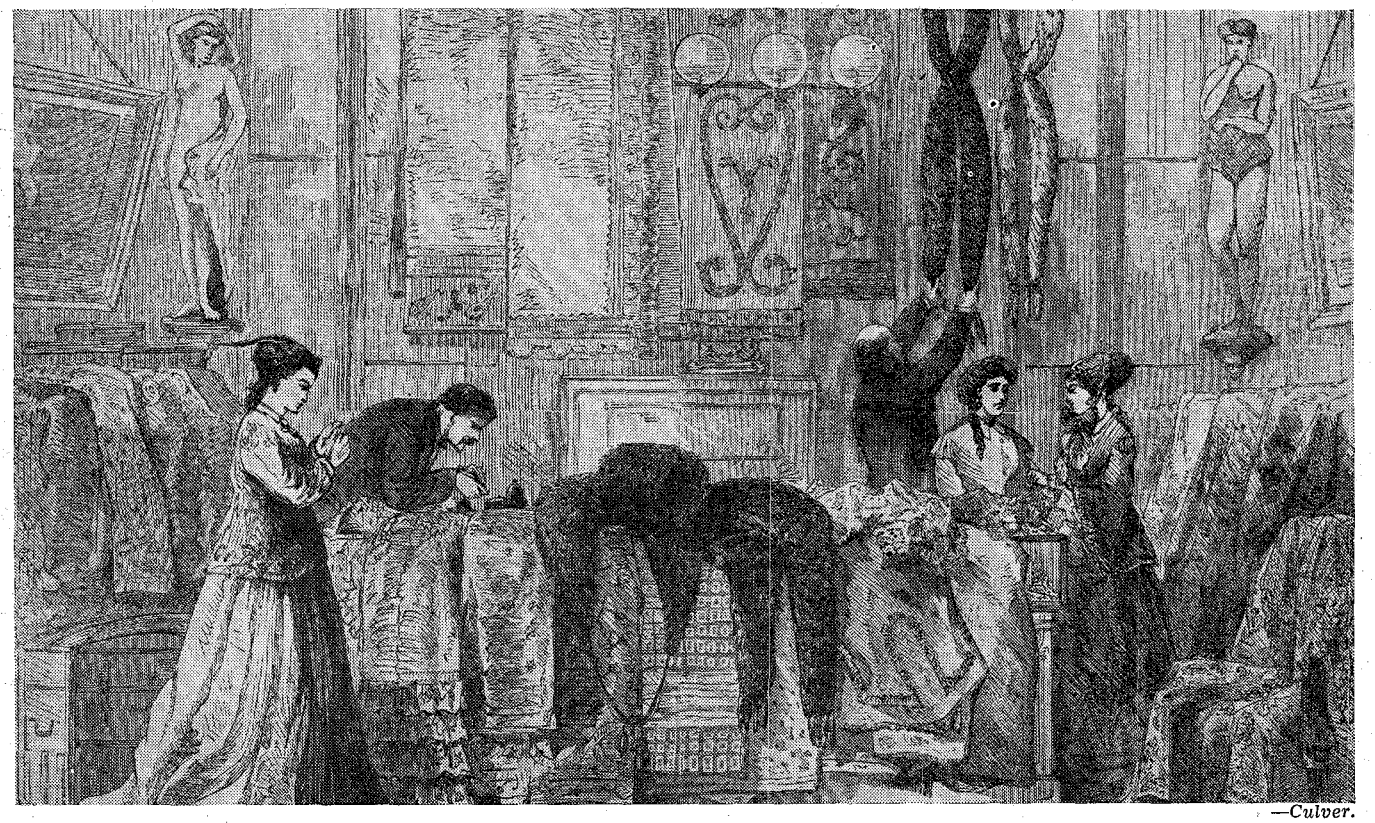

—*Culver.*

Mrs. Lincoln's wardrobe on exhibition in New York—"a result of her buying mania was a woeful burden of debts."

nine months less three days after the Lincolns were married.)

Another sentence from a letter of Lincoln to Speed has received a Herndonian twist. More than eight months before he married Mary Todd Lincoln wrote to Speed: "My old father used to have a saying that 'if you make a bad bargain *hug* it the tighter'." He was, of course, not applying it to his own marriage, then in the future.

WHEN months later Lincoln was meeting Mary secretly and they were planning to marry against the opposition of her family he bought a wedding ring in which he caused to be engraved the words: "Love is eternal." Coming from one who took such pains to express his true feeling the inscription is full of meaning as to Lincoln's approach to his marriage. Yet we find in Lincoln literature that wedding-ring inscription with its deep and genuine sentiment linked with the saying about the bad bargain, thus creating the impression that Lincoln regretted the marriage he had made. Both of these interpretations were written before Herndon's frailties as a witness had been fully explored; the voices were those of the writers but the hand was the hand of Herndon.

One gets very close to that suggested Gallup poll of public opinion about Lincoln's wife by noting the reaction to certain letters of hers recently brought to attention. In May 1952 various newspapers printed a letter which Mrs. Lincoln wrote to Judge David Davis, administrator of the Lincoln estate, on March 4, 1867. The letter was not new; a careful copy made from the original by Harry E. Pratt, now State Historian of Illinois, had been available to scholars in the Illinois State Historical Library for some years. The present writer had quoted from it in an article in the *New York Times Magazine* in February 1950. In this letter Mrs. Lincoln expressed her resentment of and disbelief in the lecture on Ann Rutledge which Herndon had given in Springfield about four months before, the lecture which was the launching of the Lincoln-Rutledge legend.

What widow looking back in her grief to twenty-odd years of a devoted marriage would not have resented a public statement that her husband had never loved her? Mrs. Lincoln knew this was untrue. Herndon had even said in his lecture, out of his soaring imagination, that Lincoln "never ended his letters with 'yours affectionately'," yet we have today Lincoln's tender letters to his wife that are signed "Affectionately" or "Most affectionately." Mary Lincoln in her widowhood treasured, as she wrote, "a large package of *his*, dear, loving letters to me," poring over them and rereading them as best she could for her tears. She had proof that Herndon was telling an untruth. What wonder is it that her letter to Judge Davis used emphatic language? "This is the return for all my husband's kindness to this miserable man! Out of pity he took him into his office, when he was almost a hopeless inebriate and although he was only a drudge in the place—he is very forgetful of his position and assumes a confidential capacity towards Mr. Lincoln."

In the newspaper articles and editorials that accompanied the printing of this letter the comments on Mrs. Lincoln show the usual automatic hostility. There is implied resentment of her remarks about Herndon. Yet for all her strong feeling this is a remarkable letter with statements whose correctness may well be examined. That Herndon drank and at times made a public spectacle of himself is indisputable. There is even a small sidelight as to his outpourings in his own statement that when he "wished to say something smart" he took "a Toddy as *Exciter*."

It is true that Lincoln, a well-established lawyer, did a great kindness in taking into his office this young man who was just receiving his license to practise law and in dividing the fees equally with him. As to Herndon's being a "drudge," he was the junior partner who by his own statement "'*toated books*' & '*hunted up authorities*'." Lincoln was "the great big man of our firm [wrote

(*Continued on page* 50)

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IDEAS AND MEN

Some Constitutional Counsel

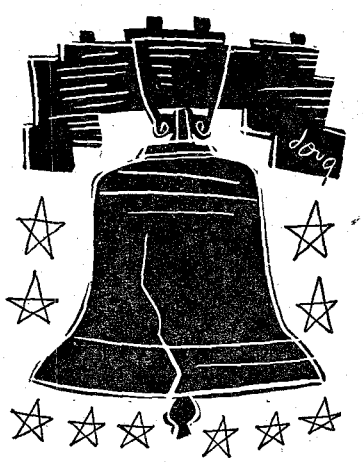
***"But We Were Born Free," by Elmer Davis** (Bobbs-Merrill. 229 pp. $2.75), is a collection of essays, mostly on man and intellectual freedom, by the distinguished news broadcaster.*

By Gilbert Seldes

THERE is a thrilling moment in the adolescence of everyone who is destined to become an intellectual—the moment when self-consciously or subconsciously, and often fatuously, he understands that he is dealing with *general* ideas. He is no longer saying two plus two is four, he is dealing with x and y and z; and fifty years later the thrill of general ideas is still an excitement.

The moment I remember (and I don't dare to look up the date of publication) was when I read an essay by the Italian historian Ferrero, on that period in Roman history which is so full of scandal that most reports of it, including Gibbon's, are cloaked in the obscurity of a learned tongue. Ferrero noted the number of people who were protesting against the morals of the time and then proceeded to his generalization: a time isn't all corrupt when people are condemning it—the very presence and persistence of the critics proves that; the dreadful times are those in which corruption is so diffused that no one even protests.

I live in the same cold and comfortless world as Elmer Davis, but I console myself with the knowledge that it cannot be as bad as I fear, because Davis can still do battle—he is outnumbered, but he isn't silenced. The particular world we inhabit is one in which the right of man to use his intelligence freely is jeopardized, in which year after year millions of people who destroyed one tyranny and are fighting another feel themselves less and less free to express their thoughts, in which the secrecy of the voting booth is their last refuge, in which the guarantees of the Bill of Rights are so precarious that men who have sworn to defend the Constitution are proposing laws to nullify them in the name of national security—as if the only security we ever had was grounded in anything but freedom.



It happens that Mr. Davis's treatment of the undermining of the amendment that deals with self-incrimination is one of the sketchier portions of his brilliant survey of the "perilous night" (to use his chapter heading) in which we live. I find it sketchy because it doesn't entirely resolve my own misgivings, but I find it encouraging because it reinforces a principle that runs all through his book, the principle that you do not abandon principle for immediate success—coupled with contempt for those who do this and pretend at the same time to be the only preservers of principle.

As I began this review with a reminiscence, I shall add another, even more relevant to our time and, by its nature, "exclusive." In Santayana's last half-year at Harvard I took Philosophy 10, his course in esthetics. One of the books assigned for report was Tolstoy's "What Is Art?" I wrote a long essay on it and would now be happy to forget it, except that I do not want to forget the remarks, in Santayana's crabbed clear hand, on my summation. I wrote (Heaven forgive me, but I thought it was smart to be reactionary then): "It is a pity that the custom of burning books has disappeared, because this one would be my first choice to go on the pyre . . ." And Santayana replied: "It is interesting to discover that there are young men in America who are enthusiasts for Paganism and who would restore the Inquisition in order to destroy the Gospel." (No mean stylist himself, Mr. Davis will appreciate the turn of phrase.)

We are in an age bent on restoring the Inquisition in order to destroy the gospel of American freedom, and El-

THE AUTHOR: Probably no one, no one at all, among radio news commentators has won as many accolades as Elmer Davis, who has been broadcasting lean, incisive, unintimidated copy ever since he was asked to fill in as a pinch-hitter one day back in 1939. Just the other evening he received his latest, the Lauterbach Award for 1953, for "a substantial contribution in the field of civil liberties." His long career hasn't been exclusively microphonic, however. Davis spent ten years on the *Times*, until 1924, when he left to free lance; has written novels; has contributed to magazines, the *SR* included (he first wrote for the *SR* in 1924, the year it was founded, and was on its editorial board in the early Forties); and was chief of the OWI during World War II. His novel-writing (it began in the Twenties) ran for over a decade, with stories serialized in *Collier's* and elsewhere. When he wasn't dreaming up plots he'd read and reread the Latin poets, Horace and Catullus in particular. Like any self-respecting scholar, he reads them in the original. This grounding in the classics shows up in much of his work: he is fond of finding examples in the past to heighten a point he is making about the present.

In Washington the other day Davis, who has never been afraid to call a rabble-rouser a rabble-rouser, had a couple of things to say on a couple of subjects. About his own work: "I am still reporting and commenting on what happens in Washington; but on Sundays only, not every night. This due to an attack of high blood pressure last summer, and not to the success of any of the numerous endeavors to get me off the air." And about the state of the union: "It obviously contains more people than I believed three years ago who are indifferent to facts, and willing to believe anything if it is only scandalous enough. I am not yet persuaded, however, that these people are a majority. If they should turn out to be, this country will become something such as we have never known, and it will not be much fun to live in it."

—BERNARD KALB.

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mer Davis is one of the few men not themselves attacked who have challenged the new obscurantists. His immunity gives a kind of purity to his motives; he seems to care not for himself but only for those vague abstractions—justice, freedom, fair play, decency—and yet as he writes and as he talks he deals with actualities, with James Wechsler and Senator McCarthy, with John Dos Passos and Toynbee, with what these men say and do, with the effect they have on how we live from day to day, with their effect on today's newspaper and tomorrow's grand-jury proceedings.

This purity of motive makes Davis appear as *our* public defender, the defender of our rights as members of the public, whether we are aware of the danger to our rights or no. The first half of "But We Were Born Free" is the most concise, witty, informed, and impersonal account of recent attacks on the freedom of the mind I have yet read. If the reader imagines he knows all about this he will still find this survey impressive. To have so much passion and never become turgid, to be so clear and never lose the warmth of one's own vernacular, are prime qualifications for anyone who writes to persuade.

THE rest of the book hasn't quite the urgency of the first part, but it tells us what kind of man this is who is so handsomely leading us in the fight for freedom. "It might seem." Davis says in a brief prologue, "that I live in a state of permanent annoyance." This is the impression H. L. Mencken used to give in his happiest days and, like Mencken, Davis relishes the spectacle of human folly; if he is permanently annoyed it is by woolly thinking, by the pompous, and by the collapse of some people who ought to know better in front of popular idols. His attack on the ex-Communists who are now accepted as spiritual leaders (and who seem fatally incapable of leading us to anything but an opposite tyranny) is devastating. (Readers of *The Saturday Review* remember it as "History in Doublethink"—*SR* June 28, 1952.) The essay on "Grandeurs and Miseries of Old Age" is in a warmer vein, but Davis is not a split personality and his meditations on being sixty-four years old end with his major theme: "We have got to defeat this attack on the freedom of the mind," he says, connecting age with another freedom—from the fear of living a long life as a coward or a pariah; if one is old and in the expectation of death, Davis says, it doesn't take so much courage to stand up against tyranny.

I pass over an analysis of the Bricker amendment to note two special points. In his reaction to the later Toynbee, Davis has stated the case for undogmatic rational faith and has done it with wit and grace, qualities rarely associated with religious discourse. (Here, as in his "Doublethink" essay, he has much of importance to say about the intellectual and his relation to his society.) And in "News and the Whole Truth" he comes closer than anyone else, I think, to analyzing the situation that makes his own kind of news-broadcasts indispensable. The old ideal of "straight news—no editorializing" has led us, he points out, to a dangerous place: a man in high position utters an accusation or tells a lie; the fact that he said it *is* news, but what he said is *not fact*. The news must be printed, but it is "one-dimensional . . . [and] other dimensions . . . will make it approximate the truth." But these dimensions must come from the evidence, not from the opinions or prejudices of the reporter or of his publisher. Davis knows that "the good news broadcaster must walk a tightrope between . . . false objectivity . . . and 'interpretive' reporting which fails to draw a line between . . . a reasonably well-established fact and what the reporter or editor wishes were the fact." He knows because he has not merely walked that tightrope for many distinguished years, he has positively and gracefully danced on it, to our infinite delight.

Some months ago, just before Elmer Davis retired from broadcasting, I reviewed his career in these pages. Now that he has returned, for a weekly stint at least, I would like to repeat the last words of my review (and feel justified in doing so because they are—in a forged handwriting—on the jacket of "But We Were Born Free"). I said: "If the independent thinking man survives in America we will all owe Elmer Davis an incalculable debt." Stet!

Camus—"l'homme révolté."

Man the Undoer

"The Rebel: An Essay on Man in Revolt," by Albert Camus *(translated by Anthony Bower. Alfred A. Knopf. 273 pp. $4), defines the problem of twentieth-century man as living without grace and without justice. Professor Hans Kohn of the City College of New York, who reviews it below, will shortly publish a new study, "German History: New German Views."*

By Hans Kohn

FRENCH literary life after World War II suffers from a remarkable poverty compared with the situation at the end of the First World War, when Proust and Gide, Valéry and Claudel were still in the fulness of their creative strength and a galaxy of younger talents came to the fore. There are only two outstanding figures in France today, Jean-Paul Sartre, who will soon be forty-nine, and Albert Camus, eight years younger. Both have much in common: they are philosophers by training, they have written successful plays and novels besides their theoretical works, they fought together in the Resistance, they emerged from it as spokesmen of the Left. Their open break two years ago created a sensation in France. Camus published in 1951 his "L'homme révolté," a profession of faith of an active humanism which rejected equally the extremism of the Left and of the Right and the complacency ascribed in France to the bourgeois. A friend of Sartre, and then Sartre himself, subjected the book in *Les Temps Modernes*, Sartre's periodical, to a pitiless criticism from the Marxist-Leninist point of view. Camus' replies to this and other criticism have just been republished in France in a volume, "Actuelles II: Chroniques 1948-1953," which serves as an elucidation of "L'homme révolté."

Camus' book is now available in English under the title "The Rebel: An Essay on Man in Revolt." Unfortunately, some of the most provocative pages, on Stirner, Lautréamont, and the Surrealists, have been omitted. Nevertheless, for those who do not read French "The Rebel" will be a noteworthy experience. They will find there by far the best discussion of the origins and implications of totalitarianism and at the same time meet in Camus a personality of unusual attractiveness and sincerity. He has been introduced to American readers so far by two novels, "The Stranger," a mirror of the absurdity and nihilism

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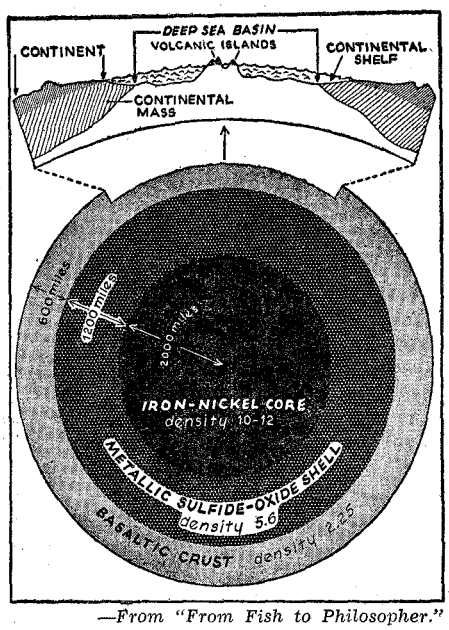
of life, and "The Plague," where the mature Camus emerges with his passionate concern for human values and the intensity of his appraisal of human experience in history and society. The new book continues the road on which Camus set out with "The Plague."

"The Rebel" is an attempt to understand our times in the perspective of the last two centuries. The modern world for Camus starts with the French Revolution, with its regicides and deicides. With the execution of the King God's representative in history has been killed. The people, to the degree in which their will coincides with that of Nature and Reason, become the infallible divinity. Rousseau knew that the society envisioned by "The Social Contract" was suitable only for gods. Saint-Just took him at his word and tried to establish the divinity of man and the people. German and Russian thinkers went beyond this initial experiment. With equal profundity and lucidity, Camus discusses Hegel, Marx, and the Russian Nihilists, and their consequences. How to live without grace, that was the question dominating the nineteenth century. In the twentieth century the question is how to live without grace and without justice. "The will to power came to take the place of the will to justice, pretending at first to be identified with it and then relegating it to a place somewhere at the end of history, waiting until such time as nothing remains on earth to dominate." None expressed it better than Lenin in 1919 when he said that with the weapon of the State "we shall crush every form of exploitation, and when there are no longer any possibilities of exploitation left on earth, no more people owning land or factories, no more people gorging themselves under the eyes of others who are starving, then and only then shall we cast aside" the weapon of the State. While the Jacobins believed in principles and in virtue, Lenin believed only in the revolution and in the virtue of expediency. The struggle against formal morality, begun by Hegel and Marx, culminated in Lenin.

But this absolute revolution has nothing to do with real revolt. It presupposes the absolute malleability of human nature and its possible reduction to the condition of an historic or biological force. Yet revolt is the very refusal of man to be treated as an object and to be reduced to simple historical or biological terms. Against the revolution which demands total freedom and dictates in a monologue from the top of a lonely mountain the true revolt knows its limits; it is a dialogue between men, it does not demand the right to destroy the existence and the freedom of others. "We know at the end of this long inquiry into revolt and nihilism that rebellion with no other limits but historical expediency signifies unlimited slavery. To escape this fate the revolutionary mind, if it wants to remain alive, must return to the sources of revolt and draw its inspiration from the only system of thought which is faithful to its origin, thought which recognizes limits." Camus sees hope in the opposition of moderation to excess, in an active consent to the relative, in fidelity to the human condition. Otherwise Nemesis, the goddess of moderation and the implacable enemy of the immoderate, will turn virtue into a principle of evil.

Camus's book is a typically Continental book. It speaks of France, Germany, and Russia, but omits the English-speaking countries. For it modern times begin with the French Revolution, not with seventeenth-century England. It states that all revolutions in modern times have led to a reinforcement of the power of the state and forgets the Glorious Revolution which successfully limited the powers of government. On the present-day European continent moderation enjoys little credit and "excess is always a comfort, and sometimes a career." Desperate convulsions are held up as examples of superiority. Camus deserves high praise for the courage to speak for moderation, for *mésure*, for what the Greeks called *sōphrosynē*. As a Frenchman he sees the conflict between adolescent excess and virile moderation as the struggle between German ideologies and Mediterranean traditions. But much nearer to the core of today's problems than Mediterranean classicism is the spirit of liberty and free discussion and of a responsible realism.



—From "From Fish to Philosopher."

Renal Metaphysics

"From Fish to Philosopher," by Homer W. Smith *(Little, Brown. 264 pp. $4), traces, in lively and authoritative style, that key organ in evolution the kidney. Here it is reviewed by Harry L. Shapiro, chairman of the department of anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History.*

By Harry L. Shapiro

IN THE long history of the vertebrates, from fish to man, the regulation of what Claude Bernard has called the internal environment played an essential and even a determining part. This environment, which consists of the plasma and the interstitial fluid that bathes the various organs of the body, must be kept in a constant state of chemical balance if the organism is to survive and thrive. As far as the vertebrates were concerned the distinction between internal and external environments became crucial when primitive fishes first invaded the estuaries of the seas and the streams of the land. The salt concentration of their body fluids had now to be maintained from dilution by the fresher waters of their new habitats. The problem of regulation became still more acute when these fresh-water fishes gave rise to the four-legged amphibia that made a partial escape from their watery home, adapting themselves to a terrestrial mode of life. Thus each successive stage involved the adaptation of older mechanisms and the addition of new devices that permitted the evolutionary sequence finally leading to man.

The key piece in this regulatory process of the internal environment is the kidney. It is an astonishingly precise chemical laboratory and the pair of them in man filters the entire extra-cellular fluid of the body sixteen times a day. It excretes the waste products of metabolism, maintains water-salt ratio, and preserves the essential salts of the body. It is inconceivable that without it the human organism could function or have evolved to its present status.

The story of the kidney in vertebrate evolution is the theme of Homer W. Smith's "From Fish to Philosopher." The tracery of evolution deposited by fossil bones and teeth is by now a relatively familiar story. Although there are still many gaps in the total design, an amazing amount has been reconstructed—enough to show the overall patterns. Far less attention, however, has been given to the evolu-

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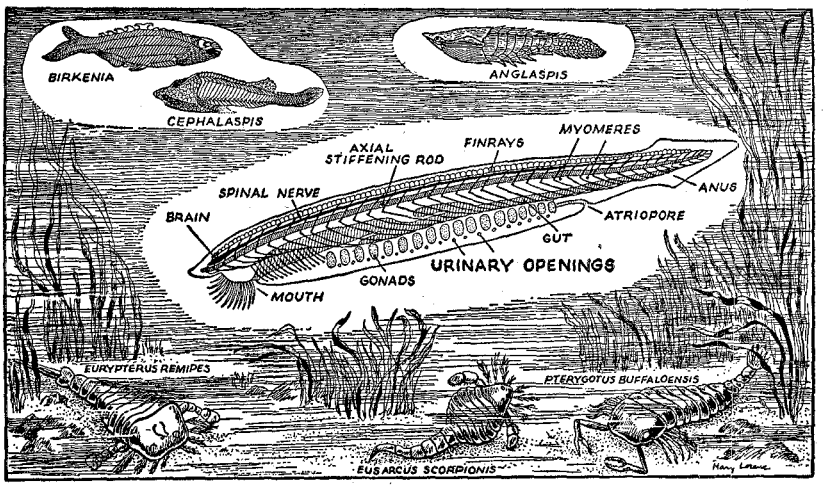

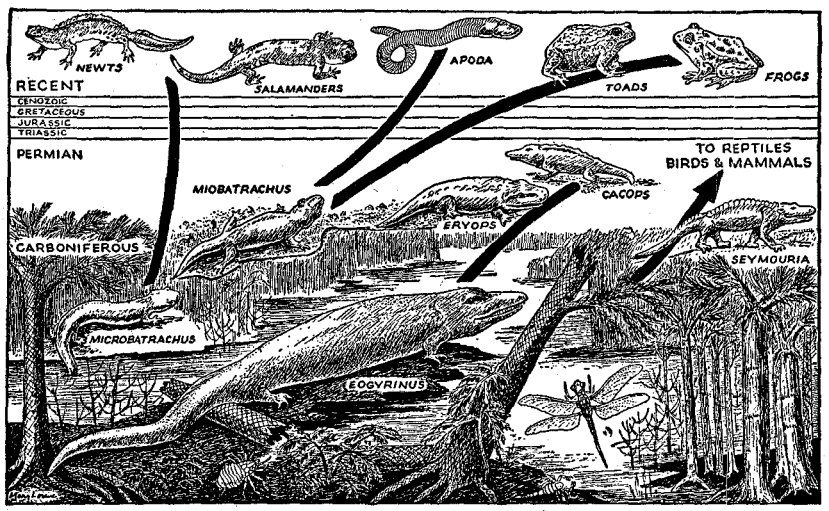

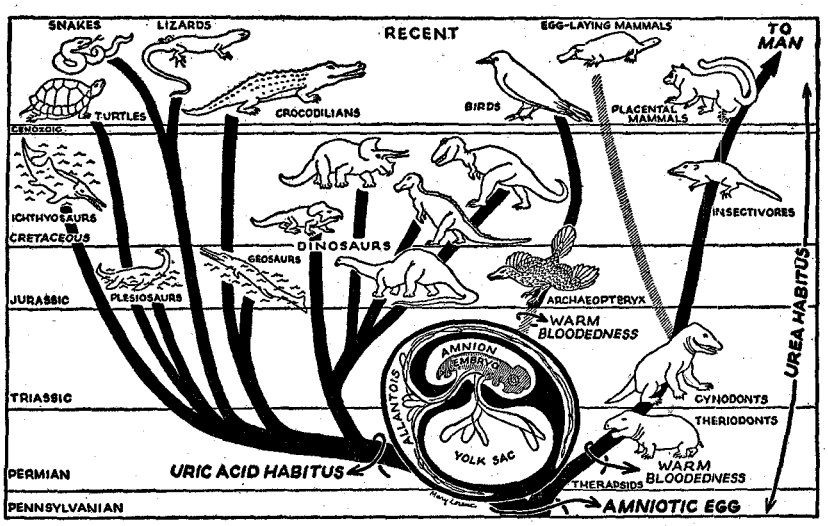

"The key piece in [the] regulatory process of the internal environment is the kidney."

tion of the physiological mechanisms that permitted the development of these patterns. Professor Smith, as a distinguished physiologist who has devoted over thirty years to the elucidation of kidney function in a variety of vertebrates and as an ardent student of evolution, possesses the qualifications to do this.

Against the broad horizons of the evolution of the earth and the life upon it, he has traced the pattern of the vertebrates in particular, following their various adaptations and the physiological changes that made them possible. This is necessarily a complex and detailed story if given in full, but Professor Smith has, by a combination of nice selection and lucid style, presented the gist of the story in a fascinating manner. Here is popularization at its best.

Indo-Pak Polity

"The White Umbrella," by D. Mackenzie Brown *(University of California Press. 205 pp. $3.75), provides an introduction to the political thought of India. Below it is reviewed by Donald Harrington, pastor of the Community Church in New York.*

By Donald Harrington

SOME knowledge of Indian political attitudes and ideas has become a prerequisite for any American making political judgments and decisions. So small has the world become and so immediate its interrelatedness that understanding of the background of the political thinking of the leaders and the masses of India is essential. Today India and the United States are at loggerheads over the proposed arming of Pakistan and Asia. Indian policy is to some hard to understand, and without understanding grievous and irreparable errors can be made.

The core of Indian political philosophy from the law codes of the mythical Manu of more than 1,000 B.C. down to the principles taught and promulgated by Mahatma Gandhi in our own time is presented by D. Mackenzie Brown in "The White Umbrella." It is a succinct, swift-sweeping survey, citing the principal documents, illustrating the principles with pungent, to-the-point quotations, and delineating the high points in the lives of their architects.

Central to Indian political thought from the beginning has been the concept of Dharma, "The Firmament of Law," which lies above, below, around, and within all that is. All man-made laws, principles, codes, and institutions must in the end be in accord with it, or else they perish and their adherents with them. Thus the law of God determines the laws of this world and sets the bounds and the character of the institutions and activities of men. The White Umbrella, ancient Indian symbol, represents the sovereign power of the world, "whose instrument the king becomes when he receives the umbrella at the coronation ritual. The ruler and his administration are thereby obligated to conduct the Government in accord with the highest ethical principles . . . and the citizen has a corresponding responsibility in his own sphere of activity. . . . The personal integrity of the ruler and the moral sense of the citizenry are the keys to sound government and a prosperous society offered by Manu and Gandhi alike." Thus religion is regarded as having

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a direct relation to politics and social and economic affairs, and the leader is regarded not alone as a politician, but more as a priest or philosopher-king.

All of this has not prevented Indian political thought from being realistic. Especially in time of "disaster," the ancient codes counseled literally "the wisdom of serpents." They have a lesson or two to teach Machiavelli. There appears here in ancient Indian thought the same dichotomy between ideals and political practice that has plagued Western idealism from the beginning. "When calamities overtake the king he should . . . exhibit his humility, but at heart he should be sharp as a razor. . . . One should bear one's foe on one's shoulders as long as time is unfavorable. When, however, the opportunity has come one should break him into fragments like an earthen jar on a stone." It is a fault of the book that the author nowhere makes clear just how the law in time of disaster is reconciled with the Dharma of God, though he does indicate that this is what Mahatma Gandhi, above all others, sought to discover.

"The White Umbrella" is a sketchy but intriguing survey of the political thought of India. It illuminates current Indian policy and political practice, and will reward handsomely those who buy and read it.

Ideas and Men Notes

WHAT GALILEO TAUGHT: In February 1632 Galileo Galilei published his "Dialogue on the Great World Systems," the first and most influential modern work in "popular science." It is addressed primarily to non-scientists. An imaginary and informal conversation among three men—scientist, Venetian nobleman, Aristotelian professor—it presents arguments for and against the Copernican theory that the sun, not the earth, is the center of the solar system. The book was cleared by the Pope, Urban VIII, who dictated the conclusion that the theory, however ingenious, could not "confine the Divine power and wisdom." Yet this was the book that aroused the Jesuits and brought Galileo before the Inquisition. In a new English translation of **"Dialogue on the Great World Systems"** (University of Chicago Press, $12.50), the first in three hundred years, Professor Giorgio de Santillana of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology brings the work back to the audience Galileo originally wanted to reach.

Professor de Santillana has edited, corrected, and presented in readable

(*Continued on page* 55)

FICTION

Toward a Commencement

***"Senior Spring," by C. G. Lumbard** (Simon & Schuster. 243 pp. $3.50), tells what Steve Burnett learned about love and life during his last year at the University.*

By Walter Havighurst

IN HIS first novel, "Senior Spring," C. G. Lumbard has portrayed undergraduate life in a large university with freshness, zest, and a reality that goes beneath the surface of college manners. His story of Steve Burnett, architecture senior at an unnamed university across the Bay from San Francisco, of Steve's fraternity mates and his big romance, takes hold of a reader from the first sketch of the boys at the Alpha Beta Nu house with the spring term ahead of them. Though it sags in the middle, the novel is readable throughout. No one is likely to lose interest in Steve Burnett and the increasing problems —scholarship, sex, friendship, self-understanding—of his Senior spring.

Mr. Lumbard is close enough to college to have authority about campus life, and distant enough (I judge he is three or four years out) to have perspective. He pictures fraternity life with shrewdness, humor, and a wry relish—the blunt, profane, candid, boasting talk in the kitchen after a house dance, the boys griping about their classes, their instructors, and each other, the boys and girls driving off to park in the hills or to dinner in San Francisco. From the university hill the boys look at the world with an uneasy expectancy. They are youthfully aware of its hostility and its promise, as they are youthfully aware of "the mystery there always seems to be between men and women." In many ways this novel is accurate and real.

C. G. Lumbard—"alive and believable."

With his undergraduate characters Mr. Lumbard is consistently right. Chalmers Grant the campus politician, Stryko the brain, egregious Miles Fallon ("we had some real tools in our house"), posied and puzzling Cassy Kane, and Steve Burnett himself, likable, tolerant, unsure of himself, with a capacity for self-knowledge and reflection, both humbled and heightened by the problems of his Senior spring—they are all alive and believable. With his older characters he is less convincing. The faculty members are mild caricatures; a visiting architect, in the image of Frank Lloyd Wright, is a stagey figure; and Cassy Kane's father is the remote, cold rich man of less genuine fiction than this.

THROUGHOUT the novel Steve Burnett is honestly confused and honestly ambitious ("I wanted to do something well"), and he comes to some discoveries that to a youth would be as real and enlightening as Mr. Lumbard indicates. During his last college spring he gropes for an understanding of the conflicts in society.

Mr. Lumbard has control of his material; he has instincts of narrative economy and relevance. Yet in the midst of this story he resorts to a long coincidence, pulling the situation into a tightness which it does not need. Chalmers Grant's affair with Cassy prior to their coming to college does not add to Steve Burnett's problem; it merely seems a manipulation in a novel that can move along very well on its own tensions and with its inherent irony. The Senior spring begins with the boys drinking beer in the back yard under the big pine trees, "getting a big charge out of college." Ahead of them in the fine spring weather lay problems and pitfalls. They were sad young men, and somewhat wiser, before the spring had passed.

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Political Poltergeist

"Mrs. Searwood's Secret Weapon," by Leonard Wibberley *(Little, Brown. 294 pp. $3.50), is a comic fantasy about a widow in wartime Britain and the American Indian, long deceased, who becomes her guardian angel.*

By Charles Lee

BERLIN, Topper's ghostly teasers, and H. G. Wells's Griffin will have to acknowledge Leonard Wibberley's comic achievement with the ancient theme of the invisible man in "Mrs. Searwood's Secret Weapon." His book is pure diversion, a kind of ectoplasmic farce. It will neither affect the budget nor influence the Security Council, but it will improve the disposition. It won't wind clocks but it may unwind nerves.

Mr. Wibberley's hijinks take place in England during the Second World War and center about the dumpy person of a fifty-four-year-old widow named Mrs. Searwood. Her first inkling that something new has been added to London's unique atmosphere is her glimpse of a tall American Indian, all but unencumbered by clothes, standing behind her at the bus stop. At first she thinks he may be a Commando on training maneuvers, or a very unfortunate victim of a bombing. He proves to be neither, nor is he the product of her own undependable liver. He is instead the ghost of Chief White Feather, once of the tribe of Pocahontas and part of her retinue in England; and since he so liked the country he had decided to live on in it after his death. He further confides to Mrs. Searwoood that he has in spirit been graduated 261 times from Oxford, read every book in the British Museum, and mastered all of the world's languages except Mayan and Aztec.

How much Mrs. Searwood needs his unusual services is developed with an ingenious sense of drollery in the little thatched town of Lower Pupton, where, at the insistence of her domineering daughter, who is alarmed for her safety in London blitzes, she has gone to live. Here, however, she really gets into trouble. In the first place, the house she takes is haunted by the unhappy spirit of one Old Grady, a Puritan sinner who had committed suicide back in Cromwell's time. Secondly, one of the community's most creative gossips begins to circulate the rumor that she is either a German spy or saboteur. And, thirdly, she finds herself experiencing dangerous little shivers of pleasure in the company of Parson Pendelbury, pipe and beard notwithstanding.

The hilarious climax follows incongruously upon the landing of the German's first V-2 rocket in Lower Pupton. The villagers, turning more and more hostile looks in her direction, force Mrs. Searwood into action that will clear her name. This action involves her in the theft of a Mustang reconaissance plane, in a spectacular flight into the best-guarded bastion of Hitler-held Europe, in a deliciously satirical conversation with the leading psychiatrist of Great Britain, and ultimately in a session with Winston Churchill himself that culminates in a request that Mrs. Searwood, for all her incomparable daring, finds necessary to commit to paper.

Nonsense? Of course. But delight, too, a chuckling fantasy from a comic-strip imagination of superior inventiveness and wit. The Karl Marxes will dismiss him, but the Grouchos will take to dancing in the streets.

—Illustrations by Warren Chappell, for "Mrs. Searwood's Secret Weapon."

The Thirty-Seas Men

"The Jungle Seas," by Arthur A. Ageton *(Random House. 339 pp. $3.50), is a story of Regulars in the U. S. Navy during World War II, their battles and their romances.*

By Louis O. Coxe

REAR ADMIRAL Arthur A. Ageton's "The Jungle Seas" is a book about the Navy in the Second World War that deals not with unhappy, reluctant reserves but with the professionals—Annapolis men, the trade-school boys, or ring-twisters as they were called. This in itself should make Admiral Ageton's novel worth reading, for the author knows his Navy and he knows his destroyers; for his hero, Jerry Doyle, the war and the sea are indeed a jungle, though the author seems to imply that the elaborate politics and protocol involved in making one's way up through the hierarchy of the Regulars is no mere thicket, either. The techniques, the fascination of what is difficult in techniques, has often attracted novelists and readers alike in the hope of discovering within that special world some symbol figuring forth the whole, some microcosm depicting the shape of the macrocosm. In his scenes of action, in his setting forth of battle plans, Admiral Ageton writes of what he knows best and what he seems most to love. Here, the reader feels, we are getting it, seeing the shape of the larger strategy and the rigors exacted of those who must conform to it. These things are seen and understood, by Admiral Ageton and by his reader, and they satisfy.

Yet there are far too few such passages. The author has thought it necessary to invest his tale with a love story, a spiritual search, and a conflict, proper elements for a dramatic work of fiction when the author uses them, makes them work, saturates theme and character with their necessity. Unfortunately, Admiral Ageton merely raises the problems and then abandons them, returning perfunctorily at moments to them that the reader may know they are still there. Jerry Doyle's involvement with Norma, an admiral's daughter, is never sufficiently explained, nor does the effect of that involvement on Jerry's career as an officer continue as a motif. The author strongly suggests a spiritual conflict in Jerry that no mere slick-magazine love-affair can resolve. Why should Jerry seek out a priest for advice and then rest content with what any Miss Lonelyhearts liked the country, he had decided to

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would have been glad to tell him? Forget that girl and get another.

This lapse indicates a basic perfunctoriness in both style and structure as well as characterization. There are other flaws: what happens to the great conflict with Snow, Jerry's commanding officer? What was in the Japanese documents Jerry captured? What happens to Sheila, certainly the most attractive character in the story? These loose ends are frustrating and baffling. We want to know, we will not be content with a fairy-tale of love and romance with a beautiful French girl in a Pacific paradise.

Admiral Ageton's best instinct as an officer and writer often overrides the stock responses of the slick fictionist, and it is then that we get such fine moments as the account of the battle when the *Hale* is lost, of the action and bombardment in Empress Augusta Bay. Yet even here one feels that the drama is far off—the reader sees the actions as interesting, even spectacular, technical exercises in which neither he nor the characters in the novel are deeply involved. In sum, one must finally admit that Mr. Ageton never takes us into a world of suffering, hoping, fearing men, but only into a professional arcane corner of that world where the Regulars know their business and do it well.

If Admiral Ageton will give us a tale of action, strategy, and seagoing this reviewer will be glad to stay with him for the anchor-pool. But no more Paradise in Noumea, and no spiritual problems. Those are for the Reserves.

Girl to Bird

By Mary Ballard Duryee

SMALL, polished feather-box,
How do you contain
The ecstasy that melds your song?
Having less than I,
You have more:
The keys
To the white dogwood city
Ablaze in spring.
Freedom (in trees),
Boundaries (in the sky).

Brother of mine will learn
To lift a wing
Higher than any wing of yours.
Into the terrible blue
His flight is away from joy,
From the nest in the tree
And the scarlet berries in autumn.

Shall I await his return?
I have dreamed, I have heard,
Of joy as strange, as sweet
As yours, small bird.

Black Sea Raiders

"The Lady for Ransom," by Alfred Duggan *(Coward-McCann. 274 pp. $3.50), is the story of a minor Norman knight who in the late eleventh century sought to make his fortune by leading a small band in a crusade against the Moslems.*

By Edmund Fuller

ALFRED DUGGAN is an adept practitioner of the intimate school of historical fiction. Robert Graves was the true pioneer of the method, in "I, Claudius," and by now numerous able writers have adopted the basic devices. First-person narration, as used in "The Lady for Ransom," is a helpful but not essential technique. The heart of the matter is the author's way of looking at, thinking about, and presenting the material.

Mr. Duggan takes a casual, matter-of-fact approach to exotic places and events. Whether it is the Roman world or the Middle Ages, he makes us see it through the eyes, and with the attitudes, of the people of his story. The result is much more sophisticated than the common, or gee-whiz, school.

The novel is about some of the events in the late eleventh century which accelerated the crumbling of the Eastern Roman Empire and led directly to the First Crusade. The narrator is Roger Fitzodo, who as a youth serves the Norman mercenary, Roussel de Balliol, in an unsuccessful expedition against the Seljuk Turks. We are told that Roger, now forty-five and a monk, is relating the tale of his adventures to young Norman knights, wintering in Italy in 1096, to brief them for the crusade upon which they will embark in the spring.

Roussel de Balliol was a landless, minor knight of the Norman kingdom of Sicily, with a following of three hundred or so mailed men. The rulers of Constantinople were seeking Frankish soldiers to help them against the Moslems in Armenia. The fighting was represented as easy, a simple matter of driving the Turks over the rim of the world. They would not stand and fight, according to report. To Roussel and his hardy wife it offered the opportunity for money at the least and for a rich fief of their own if they were alert and lucky.

Deep in Asia Minor, at the great battle of Manzikert, Moslem might shattered the pretensions of the decaying Byzantine Empire. Roussel enjoyed a brief independent ascendancy in the resulting shambles, as Lord of Ancyra and Sebaste, only to lose all to the advancing Turks.

Mr. Duggan has worked skilfully to bring an ordered form to this disordered chronicle. For all the difference of time, place, and occasion, there is an inevitable reminder of Xenophon's ten thousand mercenaries who wandered and fought in these same Armenian mountains.

There is a dry humor in his portrayal of the veneer of Christianity and morality which sometimes covers thinly an underlying paganism. There are Black Sea tribes, some of whom "have been christened eight or ten times, but in a tight place they still call on the North Wind." And as the Lady Matilda, Roussel's wife, says, "It is better to take the honorable course, so long as you don't really lose by it." And yet, Roussel, as Roger says of him, "though a sinner, would have faced martyrdom. He had been baptized, and he was not a deserter."

Though its title means next to nothing, "The Lady for Ransom" is the superior historical fiction Mr. Duggan's growing audience has come to expect from him.

Alfred Duggan—"adept practitioner."

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A Mouse and His Cat

***"The Fool Killer," by Helen Eustis** (Doubleday. 219 pp. $2.75), is the story of a haunted boy in search of affection in the Midwest during the years following the Civil War.*

By Harrison Smith

HELEN EUSTIS's "The Fool Killer" is the only American novel concerned with the physical and emotional life of a boy that, in this reader's opinion, can be compared with J. D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye." Comparisons are invidious and, indeed, on the surface there is no apparent relationship between the two books. Mr. Salinger's Holden Caulfield is a contemporary adolescent who ran away from a New Jersey preparatory school and wandered distraught and fevered through the streets of New York. He is the product of family life without love and in the end he is saved from disaster only by his affection for his small sister.

Miss Eustis's boy, George Mellish, is about the age of Tom Sawyer when he left for parts unknown with Huck Finn and Jim, and his adventures began just after the Civil War. George lived with a stern and elderly couple in a bleak farmhouse somewhere in rural America. His father and mother had died, and there was nowhere for him to go except to these dismal foster parents, who must have resembled Grant Wood's bleak Midwesterners. In those days a boy was a valuable asset, if he lived and stayed around long enough to be of some use helping the old man on the farm and his wife in the kitchen and the woodshed. Both of them licked him hard whenever they had a mind to. One night, when they were asleep, he climbed out of the window and boarded a freight train, heading West to make his fortune in the gold fields.

For a time he stayed with a filthy old man in an abandoned farmhouse, happily doing nothing at all. They quarreled when George washed the old man's ears and tried to clean up the filthy kitchen, so George ran away again. But the old man had told him a story he couldn't forget about a lean and sinister figure who went around at night with an axe, chopping off the heads of people who had made fools of themselves. "That's his line of work," the old man told him. The Lord made cats for killing mice and the Fool Killer for killing fools.

George wandered around for a while half starved, like a lost dog looking for someone to take care of him. After a long series of adventures he came to a village store kept by a middle-aged, childless couple. Though he didn't know it, the lost boy had found a home at last and someone to love him. But the Fool Killer was not through with George, for the tall specter with the axe haunted his dreams. His nightmare is at length ended by an episode of sheer melodrama that should stir any growing boy or adult. In the end there are affection and happiness for the boy and the loving couple who shelter him.

Helen Eustis has something to say about her remarkable novel. "The Fool Killer," she explains, was written in deliberate imitation of novels addressed to adults and children equally, and she mentions Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and "The Black Arrow," all of which have charmed generations of boys, and of men who have not forgotten they were once boys. Whether "The Fool Killer" will have the kind of juvenile immortality now rarely granted to adult fiction remains to be seen; but it can be said that there are very few recent books which have the necessary qualities of imagination, suspense, terror, and a style perfectly suited to the narrative and characters who will stay in the reader's mind. If it is to be a juvenile classic, as the author hopes, it is the boys, not their parents or their sisters, who will settle the matter.

The Magic of Six

***"A Kid for Two Farthings," by Wolf Mankowitz** (E. P. Dutton. 120 pp. $2.50), is a short tale of half-a-dozen denizens of London's East End, each of whom wants something very badly, as seen through the eyes of a six-year old.*

By James Kelly

ON THE subject of childhood Wolf Mankowitz lines up squarely with Messrs. Blake, Kipling, Richard Hughes, and Saroyan. It is a pendulum movement between innocence and wisdom. It is a time of great personal dignity. A sunny journey into the secret places of heart and head, full of undefined humor and the sense that anything can happen. An exploration far too intricate and improbable for most adults, though they once knew the way. Even when you have a leader like six-year-old Joe and a follower like old Mr. Kandinsky, who *does* remember that younger world, there are things left unsaid and uncommunicated. Not too many, but some. Between the wistful little boy and the aged trousers-maker and neighbors in London's East End (all of them wistfully wanting something, but without a child's faith in success) lie the quick and tangy materials of "A Kid for Two Farthings."

In his second fictional appearance on this side of the Atlantic (his first was "Make Me an Offer," a gay, caustic, and minute episode in the life of a London art dealer), Mr. Mankowitz brings us a novella with the thermal content of a much longer book. He gives us a kaleidoscope of kindly, earnest people at moments of revelation. He plays them against and for each other, revealing more by pregnant hints than chapters of exposition would be likely to do. Through the deceptively simple thoughts and words of a lonely, lost boy and his pet unicorn we get a poignant parable, a gentle fairy-tale. Ironic Jewish idiom and humor seem admirably suited to the classic undertones of grimness and foreboding.

Not all readers will respond to the off-beat charm of this book. Too slight and winsome. Too much skimming over things and too much rambling from one person to another, often straying completely from the central relationship of Joe and Mr. Kandinsky and Africana, the little goat they agree must be a unicorn. It's true, there is not much sustained focus upon either child or grown-up world. But at the

(*Continued on page* 41)

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PEOPLE

Evangelical Enterpriser

***"Peace with God," by Billy Graham** (Doubleday. 222 pp. $2.50), is a call to the Gospel by a spectacularly successful evangelist. The book and its author are discussed here by Mack Morriss, editor of a newspaper in Elizabethton, Tenn.*

By Mack Morriss

DOWN where I live, in fundamentalist Tennessee, critics of Billy Graham are few to the hill. On a Sunday afternoon during his "Hour of Decision" broadcast you can hear a complete and uninterrupted Graham sermon, if the windows are open near the radios, while strolling through any neighborhood in our town. It was no surprise to us to learn last summer that he became the first attraction to fill the Cotton Bowl in Dallas to its 75,000-seat capacity, plus the playing field.

Neither were we awed by Billy's tête-à-tête with President Eisenhower or his conference with John Foster Dulles in preparation for a forthcoming evangelistic invasion of Europe. Locally it was not considered unusual that he should be taking with him an All-American football hero, a U. S. Senator, and a cowboy film star named Roy Rogers. Billy Graham is a preacher from North Carolina who, we figure, has come a long way in his work, the Lord having led him every step. We credit him with one personal accomplishment: he has brought freshness and a measure of respectability—even glamour—to an institution that has been called an addiction of ours, the "revival."

Billy's theology does not trouble us since it is silent on such matters as sprinkling, speaking in tongues, and closed communion. It is simply the gospel as our people have known it for a long, long time. Mostly we take to Billy Graham because we believe he "has the power."

This belief is shared currently in one sense or another by a number of other Americans, no doubt to some extent including the people at Doubleday who brought out his 222-page book, "Peace with God," and observed that it sold more than 100,000 copies during its first month.

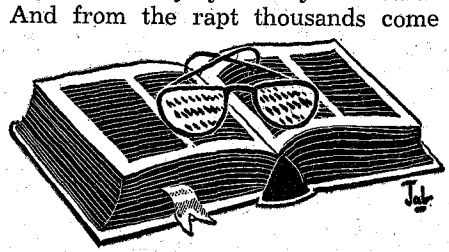
Of all the contrasts between the period following World War I and the years since Hiroshima the most apparent is the recent and now-abiding interest in religion in this country. Even the jukeboxes proclaim it. Billy Graham is a result of it. "I am convinced that there is a great hunger of mind and thirst of soul on the part of the average man for Peace with God," he writes in his preface. "This book has been written for the man in the street. My purpose is to give him a clear understanding of a new way of life. . . ."

His book is a Calvinistic primer for spiritual salvation, paced about even with Mickey Spillane and, in his own field, just about as explicit. ("Will a loving God send a man to hell?" he asks. "The answer is—yes!") As such it mirrors his rocketing ministry but fails to provide one vital dimension: Billy in action on a platform, a tall, slim figure before an audience all but overwhelmed by sheer velocity, by a message the individual is confident he can grasp if only he can keep up.

Sometimes, near the end, Billy tells his version of the story of the Ark, how faithful Noah built it to divine specification and how the people hooted. He has peopled the scene with contemporary characters who speak their ageless doubts: the businessman who is afraid to climb aboard because his country-club associates will think him a fool, the teen-ager who says to her boy friend, "Honey, let's go with him—I've got a funny feeling," but who doesn't go. Then comes the wild hysteria of the rain.

It has taken almost ten minutes to create this image. Now the fast, strident voice slows and the organ begins softly, very softly. The voice is persuasive; but it is careful not to destroy the poignancy, a few moments before, of the bewildered, then horrified instant of awareness in the doomed multitude. They are lost and the audience is lost; but for the living there is hope. There is a way of safety; there is escape.

"It's easy, if you will," the voice says. "Just say 'yes' in your heart." And from the rapt thousands come dozens, hundreds—that night at the Cotton Bowl, more than 2,000—in response.



They come stunned, weeping, abject, coldly dry-eyed, but rarely, almost never, jubilant. His picture of the Deluge is an allusion to atomic obliteration in our time. They know this, and it has had its effect. But terror seldom shows in a face. Surrender does; decision does. Comprehension of the simplicity of choice, and introverted compassion for the kid with the "funny feeling" often does. An audience before Billy Graham is a living thing, absorbingly human and interacting. This is why my people say he has the power; they can feel him.

THIS human mass reaction, which has a power all its own, is necessarily missing in Graham's book. But not much else of his evangelism is. It is Billy Graham at full speed, crouched before a microphone, his lean face bright and his long fingers clutched, spilling out an unyielding denunciation of materialism and crying as a voice in the chrome-plated wilderness for repentance, a literal acceptance of Jesus Christ, a literal new birth. When a man becomes a Child of God, Graham preaches from his Bible, he finds the only peace there is, ever, anywhere, with anybody.

Man's conscience or his assent that the morality of the Bible makes sense is not enough. Christ Himself is the answer, not His Sermon on the Mount. Man alone is helpless before a real and resourceful Satan—"a creature of vastly superior intelligence"—and the sins of the world can be atoned only by the blood of Jesus on the cross. Man either believes this or he is lost. Believing it he achieves not only a Heaven "as real as Los Angeles" but a pattern of living on earth that is a joy itself, because true faith produces obedience and obedience the ability through God's grace to defeat the powers of individual and national darkness.

It can be believed, Billy insists, and, as sin-possessed fingers grip thermonuclear triggers, it must be believed.

Down where I live we've changed a lot since the Scopes trial. Thirty years and TVA and Oak Ridge have seen to that. But even if we hadn't we can't be much different now from most Americans—if most Americans are too well-educated to be superstitious, yet too practical to trust our education and too scared to live alone. This is why we don't have many critics of Billy Graham. We would as soon believe Billy's Bible as the physicist who predicts that a cobalt bomb can destroy life as we know it on earth. In fact, many of us would rather.

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Agonies in Prose

"Triumph of Love," by Leona S. Bruckner *(Simon & Schuster. 213 pp. $3), and* ***"Angel Unaware," by Dale Evans Rogers*** *(Fleming H. Revell. 63 pp. $1), are books by parents whom misfortune has struck through their children.*

By William Murray

IN a recent issue of this magazine Gilbert Seldes discussed the success and audience appeal enjoyed by the kind of television presentation known in the trade as an "agony program" [*SR* Jan. 2]. This is the kind of offering in which people in some kind of distress or who have undergone some terrifying misfortune are yanked up in front of an audience and asked to tell about their troubles. After a recital of suitable agonies and catastrophes a horribly cheerful announcer dispenses soothing balm in the form of material rewards, and everyone presumably goes home feeling much better. This kind of program arouses hostility in those of us who believe either that a person's private misfortunes should not be paraded before thousands of strangers, or who are disgusted by the obvious exploitation of these misfortunes by companies whose main concern is the propagandizing of their products.

The same appeal doubtless exists for what could now be called "agony books." Instead of telling us their troubles agony authors write about them. What we miss in not being able to look at them as they catalogue their woes is compensated for by the much greater emphasis on detail afforded by the printed page. Nor can it be denied that the same objectionable features are present. Aren't the publishers, for instance, as guilty of financial exploitation of misery as the advertising agencies and sponsors? Can it be denied that the troubles of others provide us with a certain amount of morbid pleasure? Isn't there something ghoulish in our desire for gruesome details where the physically handicapped are concerned? Visible suffering, after all, usually affects us in one of two ways: either we walk away from the sufferer and pretend we haven't noticed him, or else we gather around him—but not *too* close—and watch.

Of all the afflictions that people endure in life certainly among the most terrible are those that strike at their children. Within the past few years we have had two superior books on the subject by two well-known writers, Pearl Buck and John Gunther ("The Child Who Never Grew" and "Death Be Not Proud," respectively). Now two more books in this category have come to my attention. They are "Triumph of Love," by Leona S. Bruckner, and "Angel Unaware," by Dale Evans Rogers. Neither of them is in a literary class with those of Miss Buck and Mr. Gunther, but I don't think that in this case it matters very much.

—By Susan Knight, for "Far, Far from Home."

"TRIUMPH OF LOVE" was written by the mother of a little boy who was born armless. With ruthless and moving honesty Mrs. Bruckner describes the ordeal: the terrible shock she and her husband endured at the birth of the deformed baby, their rejection of the child, their gradual acceptance of him into the family, their growing love for him, their heroic efforts to train him to overcome his handicap, the problems posed for all of them by the attitudes of "so-called normal people" to physical deformity, finally the gradual awakening in themselves of a desire to help others facing similar problems. Her book is certainly worth reading, if only because it shows what can be done to make life livable, no matter what the handicap.

"Angel Unaware" is already into its ninth printing and has sold over 275,000 copies. The author is the wife of Roy Rogers, the noted cowboy, and the book tells the story of their daughter Robin. The child was born a hopelessly diseased Mongoloid and died at the age of two. Mrs. Rogers has chosen to write her very short book (only sixty-three pages) in the form of a monologue: what she believes Robin told "our Heavenly Father" shortly after her death. The appeal is entirely to the emotions, and often couched in very painful prose (Robin to her Heavenly Father: "You can put me down, now; I'm perfectly all right, now that I'm rid of that lump of hindering clay . . ."). I can only add the further comment that all royalties from the book are being contributed to the National Association for Retarded Children.

Li'l Eileen in Belgium

"Far, Far from Home," by Ruth McKenney *(Harper. 210 pp. $2.75), tells what befell the family of Eileen's sister when it reached Brussels, Belgium.*

By Ernestine Evans

BINOCULARS and microscopes, telescopes and radar all render service to mortals trying to inspect the universe. But for my money give me in these parlous times a chance to look through Ruth McKenney's eyes at almost anything. Helps a body relax and see what a cockeyed world it is, and all nations so slow to see themselves as others see them.

There is something about the McKenney exaggerations most unlikely and yet so plausible. She is so willing to blue her own thumb as she hits nails, or seems to, on the head. There is sleight-of-hand about the way she relates, in "Far, Far from Home," the saga of the Family Branson, leaving Westport, Conn., behind, and faring forth, with two older boys and little Eileen (the namesake of My Sister Eileen). The Family Branson, all five of them, were going to drink deep of old world culture, and become versed in the language of Racine. Why they rooted in Brussels and not Paris is the first preposterous bit of the saga. They found themselves there by mistake, as it were, for the people they were to join weren't there at all, and the house that was to have been found for them was a mirage. That is, at the last minute the Kents sent word merely that Rome was better than Brussels. Still and all, like covered-wagon westward ho-ers (except of course that they did have 2,000 pounds of household goods on the Antwerp docks), with no acquaintance and no gift of Gallic gab, and with the police interested in confiscating their cash, which lacked the proper papers, they just kept going, hunting a place to rent a tent.

One is drawn along by expert reportage, the style of the anthropologists observing the natives, analyzing linguistics so lightened by and curiously mixed with vivid dramatization of family crises that you never quite know who is kidding whom. It is at once pure McKenney eyesight and earsound, and yet much of it might have happened to any one of the two million Americans who have scattered themselves round the world, taking USA family patterns with them and all the drug-store and teen-age morals that appal, astonish, and

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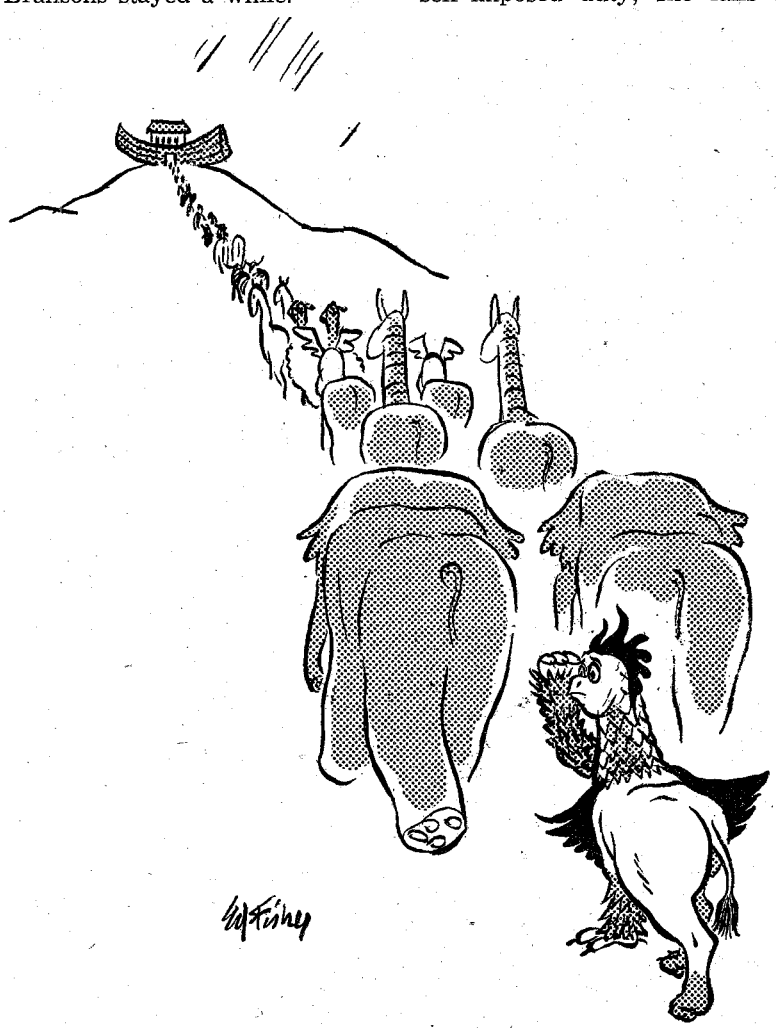
often pleasantly lace themselves into other cultures.

Never on the surface is there the slightest let-down in pure narrative. Easy to read and laugh about, each adventure is a dash back of the looking glass, a two-way merry gaze at the differences between peoples, and their expression by a fine cast of unforgettable characters.

Whether she is writing about little girls in bikinis turning up with a solemn, chaperoning mother claiming for herself the gardenia; or about winning a round at cooking by a turkey dinner; or the social worker intent on smuggling valuta; or poor Richard's failure to cope with the Rule of Nine, Ruth McKenney writes with a jeer at American naivete and with real American savvy. She is definitely a winning card played from our side in the game of international relations. Like the course of true love, such relations never do run smooth. The account of the Family Branson's defining a *pied à terre* as—well, love nest, to use a bit of journalese—is every bit as funny as "My Sister Eileen." A reviewer can't say more than that. As for Brussels it shines brightly on the map, and from now on will be remembered by a good many Americans as the city in which the Bransons stayed a while.



No Envy—No Handicap

"It's Good to Be Black," by Ruby Berkley Goodwin *(Doubleday. 256 pp. $3.50), is the autobiography of a member of a large and remarkable Negro family in the mining town of DuQuoin, Illinois. Below it is reviewed by J. Saunders Redding, author of "On Being Negro in America" and other books.*

By J. Saunders Redding

WHEN a book bears such a declarative title as "It's Good to Be Black" the reader has every right to expect it to prove the title's assertion. Ruby Berkley Goodwin's pronouncement imposes upon her an obligation that goes beyond the obligations of the autobiographer who makes no claim to do other than show the reader a life, let it mean what it will. Mrs. Goodwin does not live up to her self-imposed duty; she falls a long way short of proving that it's good to be black.

But "It's Good to Be Black" is authentic Americana—truly "ana" in the sense that it is a collection of anecdotes, and American in the sense that the background of these reminiscences is as native as the Fourth of July. DuQuoin, the little mining town in Southern Illinois where the Berkley family lived, is representative of any little inland American town of the horse-and-buggy era. If its general features are perhaps too familiar, and if the town's characters—the drunks, the politicians, and the prostitutes; the uptown rich and the crosstown poor—are stereotypes, then it must be acknowledged that DuQuoin's particulars are peculiar, and the Berkley family, with whom the book is chiefly concerned, are original.

The Berkleys had come to DuQuoin out of the South's slavery. An earlier generation of them had founded a church, insisted on a school, and generally established the family in the community. When Ruby and her ten brothers and sisters came along sometime prior to the First World War the Berkleys were as much and as enduring a part of the town as the coal mines themselves. Indeed, the miners —Poles, Irish, Germans, Italians, as well as Negroes—depended upon Braxton Berkley, Ruby's father. He headed their union, controlled their votes, and was their stay in every crisis. When a local politician tried to sell them out to the mine owners Braxton Berkley brought about his ruin. When an explosion rocked a mine Berkley organized and led the rescue work. Berkley had, people said, "a powerful strong arm for folks to lean on."

AND that arm was equal to the commoner exigencies of work and food and shelter. But no arm has the strength to ward off the trouble that comes to a child who is growing up and learning truth. When a Negro of the town killed a white man Ruby Berkley learned a truth that was bitter: not even the resilient strength of her father could protect her against the shock of race-hatred nor the gall of the danger of being black. Eventually, of course, Ruby triumphed even over this knowledge, and her book ends on a note of optimism.

"It's Good to Be Black" is not much

(*Continued on page* 40)

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America's Bookless Santa Claus

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by Stanley Young, author, playwright, and managing director of Farrar, Straus & Young.*

TO AN American visitor in Asia these days Kipling's India and Lafcadio's Japan seem suddenly far away. Behind the clichéd majesty of the Taj Mahal and the romantic houseboat in Kashmir, behind the *kakemonos,* the *haiku,* and the tea ceremony are the near and ever more urgent warring forces of Communism and democracy as they struggle to affect the vast new social scene in Asia. Even the most casual visitor can see these forces everywhere at work, for the veil of "the mysterious East" is down. Behind the veil the features revealed are common to all people who stand in the quickening light of modern history and wonder —indeed, demand increasingly to know—where they are going.

At this point the visitor's Victorian guidebook goes out the window. The Westerner is forced to look squarely at the landscape before him, forced to assay his own country's position and to ask what we as a people are doing in this Cold War showdown, how we are doing it, and to what end.

I went to India and the Far East both as a tourist and as a traveler with an assignment—as a professional book publisher eager to discover what American books were read in Asia and what books from Asia suggested themselves as required reading for America. It was my hope to find a way to implement a greater exchange of ideas and to get hold of enough facts to encourage support, either from our Government or private agencies, for an increased two-way traffic in books.

I was discouraged, sometimes appalled, by what I found.

In conversation with embassy officials, *Time* correspondents, missionaries, staff members of the United States Information Agency, the answer was always the same: there is a negligible number of American books circulating in India and the Far East, and even fewer volumes from there finding their way to America. Why? Why should our books—our ideas—not be in these countries in quantity if, in the general hope of survival, our technical energies, money, and admitted political purposes are, as never before, dedicated to a program of increased international aid and understanding? Are we to accept the idea that books are a lost medium of communication? Or is it that we as a people do not believe books matter?

It is no secret that from the subcontinent of India to Japan we are now engaged in offering technical assistance to ailing Eastern economies, primarily in the fields of agriculture, hygiene, and hydraulic engineering. The needs in these fields are constant and enormous, and our program—when our commitments elsewhere around the world are fully considered—is vast and often impressive. To say, then, that we must do something more about books is, perhaps, to introduce an unwelcome thought. From one point of view it is like saying to a man with twelve clamoring children that what he needs most is thirteen. Yet I maintain stoutly that books should get into the family, and in an important role. As things now are they have an orphan's look and place in our Eastern program. It is to our self-interest, if to nothing else, that our ideas go with our dollars.

PLAINLY the many tangible forms of technical assistance we are already giving the East we are giving out of self-interest. It is, of course, a self-interest leavened along the line with our historic American spirit of altruism, and our sincere, almost messianic desire to spread the good "things" of life we find so desirable and rewarding. Nothing is wrong with this program, except its limitations. For, as things are now, we would appear to be committed generally through the East to a single premise: that if by the miracles of money and "know-how" we can get these struggling countries fed and comfortable they will then prefer the material rewards which are ours, and so turn away from Soviet-style, and other forms of, totalitarianism and revolution.

From a purely Western point of view this working premise seems foolproof—provided, of course, that we have the time and money to carry it out and that we are right in assuming our Eastern neighbors want, in the end, what we have. We are, at present, placing our faith above all else in techniques and goods—in "things" rather than in ideas. We are hoping the "things" will speak for themselves. We are bothering little to teach or discuss the social philosophy or the painfully evolved democratic way of life that make the productions of these "things" possible.

In short, we are appearing on the world stage as a reluctant and somewhat inarticulate Santa Claus with a heavy pack. We show an often undisguised eagerness to unload the pack and to get back into the homeward-bound sleigh as quickly as possible. We hope that everyone will be pleased with, and properly appreciative of, the presents. If not we seem to suggest one way or another that possibly there won't be so many presents next year.

Am I exaggerating? Is this an oversimplification of our national attitude? To a degree it is. Yet, unfortunately, it is what vast numbers of Indians and Far Easterners take our attitude to be, largely because we have not explained ourselves.

Meanwhile what is the Soviet Santa Claus carrying across the borders? Does he come with millions of rubles for dams, seeds, anti-toxins? He does not. His pack is stuffed with books, magazines, tracts. He has come straight from the ever-rolling printing presses of Moscow and Peking with written matter in all Eastern languages and dialects on the subjects of economics, philosophy, sociology, art,

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and—shrewdly and ironically enough—religion.

Further, he comes offering his presents to the booksellers of Asia on a consignment basis, and below cost. He floods the university bookshops with hardbound books at the equivalent of twenty cents a copy, whereas in these same shops a limited number of American titles are on sale at ten to twelve times the price. It is not hard to imagine which country's imported books sell.

Right here someone may think that all Asian booksellers must be Communists. Not at all. They are merely businessmen; they know Santa when they see him. It is simply good business for them to stock and sell books for which, in most instances, they have not been asked to account—either to Peking or Moscow—since 1949! In Burma alone it is known that the Soviet puts in more printed matter in one month than we do in twelve. And these Soviet books and magazines, let it be emphasized, are not all to be classified as propaganda. Classical Russian works appear and dozens of titles of special local interest. Even the religious treatises from the Soviet are skilful attempts to disguise the propaganda element. They seem on the surface merely to relate Marxian thought organically to Hinduism, Buddhism, Shintoism, etc., in the country and locality concerned.

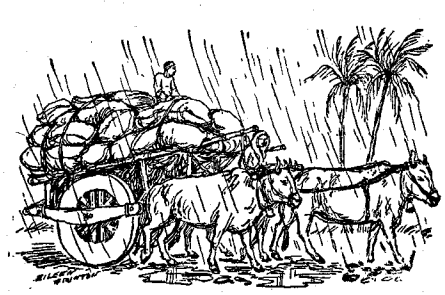
Why, one may well ask, has the Soviet concentrated so heavily on this effort to spread ideas to the neglect of all else? Is it because they have no excess of techniques and "things" to export? Possibly. But it is more plausible to assume that the Soviet believes "ideas" are the most effective exports to these areas. Certainly any fundamental survey of the social scene in Asia would give reason to believe so. Any contact with the literate minorities of India, Burma, Thailand, Indonesia, and Japan suggests that here are peoples who largely, in fact almost entirely, give precedence to ideas over machine techniques. They are interested in machines and new techniques, but not to the exclusion of ideas. Their statesmen and opinion-makers are more often than not teachers, philosophers, and poets, rather than businessmen, generals, and engineers.

I think there is no doubt about it—the public men and women of the East are primarily intellectuals, even as they emerge with fierce beliefs and doubts from their own colonial periods to labor toward a change in their material circumstances. One fact seems certain: their attitude toward America is, and will continue to be, favorable or unfavorable by what they judge to be our social goals, what they read about us, what our public men *state*, what our books *reflect*, what our words *say*, and not just what our "things" *do*.

Now it is true that our Government, through its Information Agency, has a limited one-way book program (a program growing more circumscribed every day) for India and the Far East. In the largest urban centers we usually have one local publisher and an adviser who are producing and distributing a few American books in the principal language of the district. A sparse number of American books also appear in English, via England, through the regular trade channels. And a few American publishers are attempting, with some success, to sell American books direct to the Eastern market—mostly technical books.

OTHER than this, thousands of American paperbound reprints are beginning to appear in the Far East. Some of these reprints are good, but the majority, as here at home, are doubtful forms of advertisement for the American way of life. The best of the reprint houses are making a genuine effort to keep their export standard high in quality. These houses also sell to these areas at the usual trade discount. But other reprint houses appear for the most part to regard the Far East as a dumping ground for sensational material. Anything goes, and at almost any price. Five to six cents per copy is considered an adequate price for misrepresenting us to Asia. Yet we are judged by these books, just as we are judged by the sensational movies we export, or the row of seldom idle slot machines on display in the American Club in Tokyo, or our engineers in the field who live tightly with their wives and children within their Americanized compounds. We are on display—our people, our acts, our goods. The East is curious about us.

Here at home we have the luxurious freedom to make a private selection between the "good and bad" on our newsstands, and wherever. But in the Far East the average person has either not learned to select or else does not have our variety to select from. Consequently, he forms an opinion of us—often out of context—from what we lay before him. It becomes, then, of the gravest concern to put forward our best ideas and to attempt to limit the exposure of our shoddier sides and wares. Now, of all times, we are hardly in a position to have our worst foot forward in the international scene. What better emissaries have we than books—books that can tell a glorious story of how one country fought its way against heavy odds to freedom? Yet with the exception of rare individuals who in the East knows our heartening story?



Now let me assume for a moment that some readers are with me in the belief that a major book program is needed and that it is possible to bring about a two-way exchange of ideas. How can such a program be handled? It is my firm opinion that it will need strong Government or foundation subsidy, or both. Professional publishers should be recruited to administer our end of the program and to work with a comparable group in other countries. American books published abroad should compete with Soviet prices, should be printed in the country where they are to be distributed, and issued in all the principal languages of that country. Our Government, or foundations, should absorb the losses, even if money has to be borrowed from some current technical assistance program. In reverse, editions of important books out of the Far East should be published here with printing costs subsidized by us with financial assistance from Far Eastern countries.

The difficulties are many. But they are not insuperable, as many well-meaning people believe. The main thing is to get this proposed program directed by professionals—dedicated professionals familiar with the tricky techniques of the trade and skilled and interested in the midwifery of ideas.

T. E. Lawrence, with only a dozen or so informed but committed Britishers, changed the course of history by winning over the scattered nomadic tribes of Arabia. What Lawrence and his men did for England can and must be done by Americans willing in these critical times to devote themselves to the cause of world understanding. Money without ideas and the men to back them up is meaningless. What we must put forward to the Far East—and before it is too late—is that dynamic heritage of free ideas which is ours and which must not, for lack of emphasis, support, and sympathetic direction, go unheard. What we must have from them is an equal opportunity to hear their voices.

The alternative is to run the danger of having the East turn away, leaving us alone, alienated, misunderstood, with our techniques before them and our heritage of ideas left at home.

—STANLEY YOUNG.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INVASION FROM CALIFORNIA

HORACE SUTTON'S labored satire on a weary theme ["Turn West, Turn Blue," *SR* Jan. 9] was poor public relations. Doesn't he realize that with the publishing business dead and the financial institutions moving west New York is a sick town? And once the Great Lakes Waterway is established the New Yorkers are going to depend on the tourist trade for their existence. They will no longer be able to live on handling the creative efforts of the more productive states.

Some of the tourists will come from Los Angeles in the new DC-7's of American Airlines. They will be vulgar people in loud sport shirts, open at the neck (the shirts, not the people). They will sneer at the un-California-ish aspects of your smaze-ridden town. They will patronize your peasants. They will be like Americans abroad. But they will have money and New Yorkers will need it. Like Europeans, the New Yorkers will learn to smile and be gracious to people they don't like.

Seriously, there is much to sneer at here. But Southern California is not composed of one football field flanked by one wealthy extrovert's oversized living room. Mr. Sutton should move around a bit and meet the people.

WILLIAM GAULT.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

MISSOURI MULE MISSING

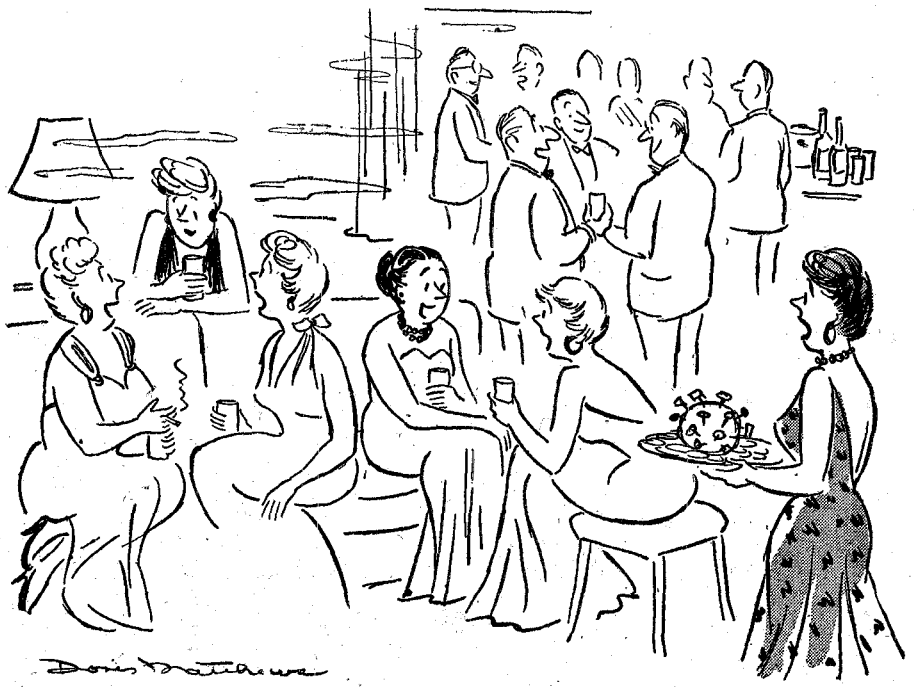
AFTER LOOKING AT the winners and the runners-up in the photo contest, and after reading Norris Harkness's explanation [*SR* Jan. 2], I have some thoughts on the matter which seem worthwhile to me and which may strike responsive chords among other readers. With most of what Mr. Harkness says about atmosphere, naturalness, artistic arrangement, and technical perfection one cannot disagree. However, his viewpoint is also advertised by his other remarks which indicate his long experience and his qualification as an expert in the field.

Now, my contention is that the old hands and the critical analysts in an artistic field have a legitimate function in telling us why we appreciate a work, but that they are likely to start telling us what we ought to appreciate in order to be artistically sophisticated. They are usually incapable of this because they know too much; they have lost the "virgin" eye. For example, Mr. Harkness points out that the tower in Florence has been photographed many times but no one ever before took it upside down. His view of the photo is not just of this one photo, but he sees in the background the results of the other tries.

The merit of the photographic offerings, according to *SR*'s experts, seemed to increase in direct proportion to the distance of the subject. Personally, I think that among so many pictures there should have been an honorable mention featuring, for example, some Missouri mules.

W. SCOTT.

Indianapolis, Ind.



"Oh, dear, I guess we'll have to start playing games!"

RECORD STRAIGHTENED

SR's JANUARY 23 ISSUE is as full of meat as a butcher's Saturday night. But in the article on Maugham, to quote the quote, "All for a handful of silver he left us," isn't the first word "Just"? Not that I want to be known as one of those old bird counters who would reject the Holy Trinity because of a dislocated semicolon, but we *must* keep the record straight. We might have to look at it again.

HILTON A. WICK.

New Bethlehem, Pa.

TALENT EVERYWHERE

I AGREE WITH Goodman Ace's view [*SR* Nov. 28] that Hollywood television has been dull and inane. But I do not agree with his main argument that television shows generally should be handled only by people working in television.

Mr. Ace also contends that the Ford show, produced by Leland Hayward and with Broadway talent, was not so wonderful. To me the Ford Show was one of the most original and refreshing ever put on television. The "Life with Father" scene, the choreography by Jerome Robbins, Mary Martin's quick-change scene, and the now famous Martin and Merman duet all were a joy to behold.

In fact, there are many shows produced by people not in television but experienced in other fields that have been and continue to be excellent. To name a few: "Zoo Parade," NBC Opera, "Meet the Press," Bishop Fulton Sheen, and the Museum of Natural History's "Adventure."

RITA HAMMOND.

Syracuse, N. Y.

MAN OF GOOD CALIBER

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS, much more than a good five-cent cup of coffee, is foresight, frankness, and common sense of the quality exhibited in the article by Clarence B. Randall, "Free Trade... Yes" [*SR* Jan. 23].

Mr. Randall's call for all American citizens to take their blinders off and to face up squarely to our domestic and international responsibilities deserves the widest possible attention.

H. J. CUMMINGS.

Washington, D. C.

ABOUT MRS. PHILIP LYDIG

I READ WITH INTEREST the review of Cecil Beaton's "The Glass of Fashion" [*SR* Jan. 16]. What an utterly vulgar person! And how he admires Mrs. Philip Lydig and her fifty trunks! When I was very young I spent a night in the old Hotel Touraine in Boston, where my little friend and I gaped at Mrs. Lydig trailing slowly down the corridor in a dress of black "unborn baby lamb." The high-boned collar made points behind her ears, the four-foot train crawled down the carpet after her, and her hour-glass body must have been sewed into the costume. Her face was dead white, her lips scarlet, and her pompadour towering. All in all, she was quite a sight.

MARION EDEY.

New York, N. Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Wide Awake in Waco

WACO, TEXAS.

ONE OF the paradoxes of American life is that while New York is the unquestioned theatre capital of the United States it is at the same time more barren of experimental theatre than a small Texas city of just over 100,000 in population. Waco is the home of a Baptist university, Baylor, and within its drama department there is a quiet indomitable dreamer by the name of Paul Baker. The forty-one-year-old Mr. Baker is a graduate of Baylor, and despite a strong conformist upbringing has broken out with two qualities most essential to theatre work: a constant curiosity and an unshakeable persistence in pursuing that curiosity wherever it leads him.

Somehow, in the midst of a part of Texas that even the more cultured Texans sneer at, he has managed to build two playhouses and assemble a loyal company of fellow artists most of whom are employed on his faculty. Two summers ago Mr. Baker and his small band of coworkers went to Paris and, in the words of a Texas wit, "discovered modern art." This experience has resulted in an extremely novel production of "Othello," which has registered a surprising success both with visiting experts and local neophytes.

Using stages on three sides of the auditorium (the audience sits on comfortable swivel chairs) Mr. Baker's cast and his scene designer have combined a multitude of art techniques. Cubism, constructivism, surrealism, and symbolism all have their day and often simultaneously. Each of the major characters is played by three actors. Othello is divided into "The General-Lover," "The Jealous One," and "The Barbarian." Iago splits into "The Sergeant," "The Puppeteer," and "The Sadist."

This three-platoon system is most effective when all three aspects are in conjunction and directly reinforce each other, or when they are in violent opposition and battling intramurally. Another benefit of the system is that it often results in the repetition of a particular line. This is excellent in Shakespeare, where strong images often become obscured in the rapid metrical flow of poetry. On occasion, however, when the echoing comes arbitrarily to suit the movement, as at the end of a scene, the device tends to become tiresome.

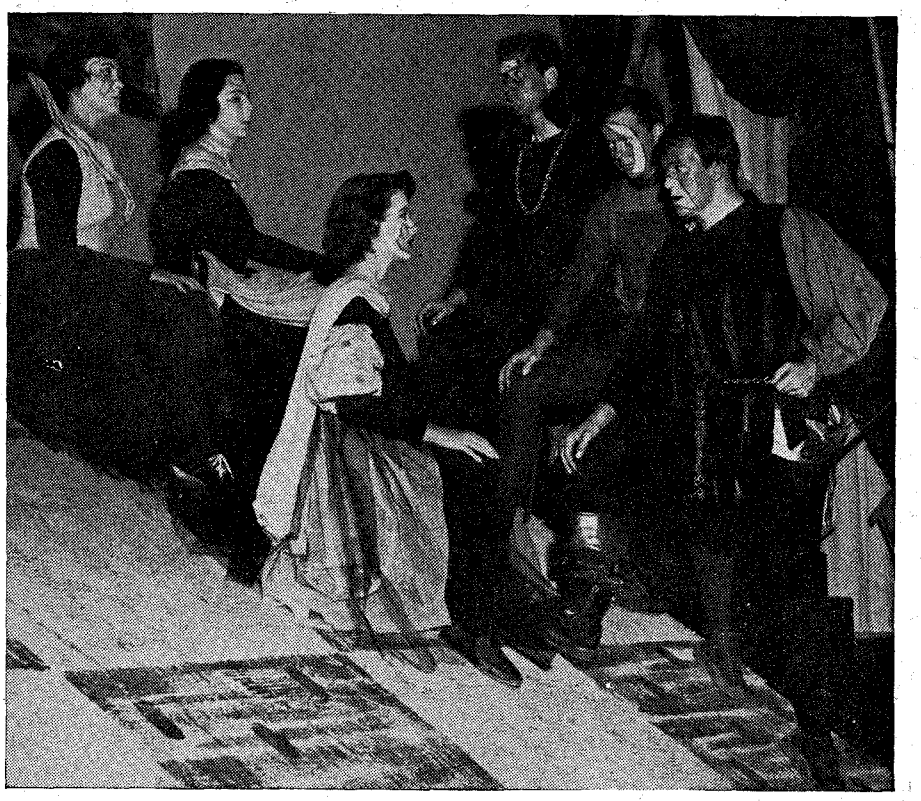
Mary Sue Birkhead, who has supervised the rather weird make-up each actor uses (each third of a character has a different geometric pattern of mostly black and white smeared on his face) explains: "The actors were guided by the ideas of Rudolph von Laban. Each facet of a character was given its own body tension and level characteristics. We found it necessary that the make-up and costume should work as a unit and we repeated the symbolic details of the costumes in similar shapes and colors as isolated facial features."

AS AN example, Miss Birkhead points to the three Desdemonas. Each has appliqued blossom motifs on her costume and that motif is repeated in color and outline on different areas of the three faces. In addition to the use of motifs, an exaggeration of the isolated features and a weakening of the remaining portion of the face are used to indicate the break-up of the character among the three actors.

Virgil Beavers's scenery is similarly abstract. While much of it is nothing but interestingly shaped slatted ramps, it is all very functional, as when it permits actors to translate psychological positions of inferiority and superiority to physical locations where the dominated can stand directly beneath the dominator. There is a checkerboard arrangement on one of the side stages which forces actors to operate on a floor that has a forty-five-degree incline. With sneakers and practice Mr. Baker's crew handle this assignment quite well.

As for the direction, Mr. Baker and his actors have collaborated to do what good ballets and choruses ought to do. The mood of frantic alarums in the dark Venetian night is expressed excitingly by black figures running across the stage during the action, snooping but never interfering. On the trip to Cyprus the feeling of a sea voyage and the impending tragedy on that wave-pounded island are translated by means of a group of figures who rhythmically pass along the long sh-h-h of the waves from one to the next.

In general there are many advantages of doing "Othello" in the manner the Baylor group has attempted. It relieves the actors from having to do much "acting." Therefore, they can concentrate on sound and movement. For the spectator it provides varied patterns of action which have the same compulsive fascination that is found in music. This is true even when the import and the emotion of the action are slight. While it lacks the kind of dramatic concentration of attention and focus that José Limon's group brought to the Shakespeare



"Cubism, constructivism, surrealism, and symbolism all have their day."

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play in "The Moor's Pavanne," it is apt to please even those who are not very familiar with "Othello." It has accomplished what Orson Welles's motion picture tried and failed to do—applied the visual arts to a great play without allowing them to inundate it.

What this technique can be applied to in the future is difficult to forecast. "Don Quixote" is being considered. But probably a brand-new play should be written by someone who can visualize the Baker arrangement as he writes, and thus utilize the available devices to their maximum effect. That is the way experimental theatre ought to work, and maybe it will here if Waco continues to support the Baker "irregulars."

ONE of the few groups who have had the courage (or the nerve) to do somewhat experimental theatre in New York lately is the Artists Theatre. Under director Herbert Machiz, who like Paul Baker has been stimulated by study in France, the group has devoted itself to plays by new *avant-garde* writers and has welcomed unconventional styles.

Its latest production, V. R. Lang's "Fire Exit," is the most genuinely theatrical work the Artists Theatre has done. It is too long, has many unresolved characters, and frequently makes excursions into sentimentality and nebulousness. Yet her play is provocative, is filled with brilliant notions (such as the making of Hell into an *underheated* burlesque house), and here and there comes up with a spurt of lovely lyrical poetry.

The cast has done well by Miss Lang's play. Carole McCrory's Eurydice is a versatile performance. She is charming as the ingenue, adept in the scenes where she must become hysterical, and completely convincing in the final transformation from innocence to coarseness, which she seems to accomplish by a forward placement of all her reactions with the soul shortcircuited out. Mildred Cook as the satirical aunt gives an accomplished and humorous portrayal. And Joseph Ruskin is steelhearted and icy as the head of the record firm. Allen Shayne's Orpheus though credible is a little lightly drawn. Marc Breaux, Dan Shilling, and Mary Grace Canfield all twinkle in lesser roles.

John Gruen's zither music sounds appropriately harpy. Robert Soule's decor is ingenious and attractive enough, but somehow it intrudes on rather than complements the script. Herbert Machiz—working under trying conditions—has not only succeeded in achieving a completely professional production of a large cast play, but has managed to introduce novel techniques which add distinction to "Fire Exit." —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Anti-Climax in Paris

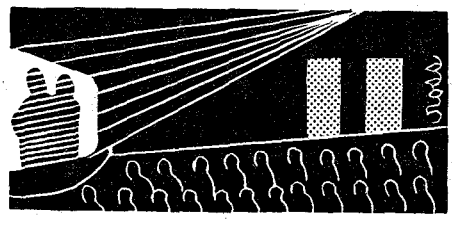
IN **"Act of Love,"** a somewhat brushed up version of Alfred Hayes's wartime novel "The Girl on the Via Flaminia," we are asked to share the heart-break of an ex-G.I. who returns to France to moon about an old romance. The film starts promisingly enough. Kirk Douglas, the G.I., swings off a bus into the glaring sun of a Riviera port town, its streets clamorous and exciting, its walls etched with signs proclaiming "U.S. Go Home"—all very realistic. Douglas has no sooner ordered his room, however, than the picture drops off into a two-hour flashback, a love idyll that flickered against the tawdry background of Paris during the war. The picture persists in its realism, at least so far as this background is concerned. The camera is constantly venturing forth into the streets; and the interiors, designed by Alexandre Trauner, are masterpieces of authentic mood and detail. Some, such as the vast barracks room shared by hundreds, seem almost too real to be staged.

Not so the story. Anxious for a bit of privacy, Douglas manages to obtain a room in a hotel by pretending to be married to a girl he met through a prostitute—a *nice* girl, the script is careful to point out, who moves in with him simply to get out of the cold. But Paris is Paris, and *l'amour* is quick to cast its magic spell. There are visits to Versailles, the zoo, tender partings on the Metro platform. Then, just as Douglas is about to make an honest woman of his roommate, the Army intervenes. His captain, a self-righteous bigot, denies him a marriage permit and has him transferred to Rheims. It would probably be unethical to reveal just how all of this turns out, but the fact is that in adapting the novel Irwin Shaw wrote himself into a box. No matter what he did for a finale it was bound to be anti-climactic. And there is nothing flatter than the anticlimax of a two-hour love idyll.

Actually, Shaw is also accountable for something more than the weak, attenuated script. He has provided his principal characters with deep, complex thoughts, all couched in purplish, complicated prose. It's the kind of talk that must inevitably remind an actor that he is acting, and so the cast—particularly Douglas, George Mathews, and two French beauties, Dany Robin and Barbara Laage—can't be held completely responsible for a certain lack of credibility in their respective roles. On the other hand, Robert Strauss as a gravelly non-com, Gabrielle Dorziat as a warm-hearted hotel proprietress, and Serge Reggiani as an embittered young Frenchman do come to life as people. Maybe it's because they don't have so much to say. Director Anatole Litvak has failed on this one. All of his fine touches of pictorial realism merely underline the essential artificiality of his people and his situations.

* * *

The people in **"Personal Affair"** also have a tendency to talk too much and too fancily, as is so often the case when a writer adapts his own stage play to the screen. But Lesley Storm gets around this somewhat by drawing characters who are by nature both sensitive and articulate—a handsome teacher in an English country school for girls, his high-strung wife, a love-sick schoolgirl, and her elderly journalist father. Their talk is used as a probe into the sub-surface relationships between residents of the small British town where the teacher, a harmless and amiable chap, is suddenly suspected of murder. What makes this film so distinctive is the fact that its central situation is used not as a springboard into melodramatics, but rather as an opportunity to develop an intriguing series of subtly shaded personality studies. The wife is neither stupid nor vicious, merely a woman acting instinctively to preserve her home. The girl actually does love her teacher, but the implications of that love are not apparent to her until the moment of the wife's brutal accusation. The husband, too, is blind to the girl's longing; it is his sympathy and humanity when he learns the truth that the townsfolk interpret as passion. Most interesting of all is the girl's father, the journalist, who struggles to believe in the decency of the teacher but finds himself swept helplessly along on the mounting tide of public indignation. Leo Genn is quietly effective as the teacher, Glynis



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Johns makes a surprisingly believable seventeen-year-old schoolgirl, and the minor roles are handled with polished perfection by such players as Pamela Brown, Megs Jenkins, and Walter Fitzgerald. Only Gene Tierney, strikingly gowned as the wife, seems somewhat out of place in this company.

* * *

Considerably less austere is **"Genevieve,"** a sprightly farce that glances with tongue in cheek at what goes on in the world about us. It is another of those modest comedies that the British have managed with considerable success over the past few years. If "Genevieve" differs at all from its predecessors it is in finding its humor less in eccentric types (excepting the handsome lady with an astonishing flair for the hot trumpet when tipsy) than in the unconventional doings of perfectly conventional people. A young barrister and his extravagantly extroverted advertising friend enter their vintage cars in the annual London-to-Brighton Commemoration run and then, over the protests of their harried consorts, race the venerable buggies back again to London. The Brighton interlude permits an hilarious exploration of the discomforts of a respectable seaside boarding house, but the richest comic invention is reserved for the stratagems of the two friends once the spirit of competition is upon them. They pass and repass each other in a veritable crescendo of spiteful delaying actions. Henry Cornelius, who also directed "Passport to Pimlico," keeps the movement clean and fast; the cast, headed by John Gregson and Dinah Sheridan, is amiable if not distinguished; and the film's superb collection of old cars is calculated to delight the motophiles in the audience.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

Genevieve: Reviewed in this issue.

It Should Happen to You: Judy Holliday makes the most of a merry Garson Kanin script that is also adroitly barbed with satire. (*SR* Feb. 6.)

The Golden Coach: An experiment in *commedia dell'arte* style by the French director Jean Renoir, not as successful as it might be, but worth seeing for its rare visual beauty. (*SR* Jan. 23.)

The Conquest of Everest: This pictorial record, in color, of the 1953 Himalayan expedition is calculated to enthral the most blasé moviegoer. (*SR* Jan. 9.)

The Wild One: Another *tour de force* by Marlon Brando, this time as the leader of a menacing gang of motorcyclists. (*SR* Jan. 2.)

The Living Desert: There are a few desert courtships, games, and idyls, but mostly slaughter and fear in the first full-length Walt Disney True-Life Adventure. (*SR* Nov. 14.)

Little Fugitive: A very young man gets away from it all on Coney Island; a smalltime film force follows in his marvelous wake. (*SR* Nov. 7.)

Unusual Plays Wanted— But Don't Offend Anyone

A COMMUNIQUE of great importance to lovers of fine television drama was issued somewhere along Madison Avenue on October 1, 1953. It came from the editorial headquarters of a long-established, well-known network dramatic program; and it was addressed generally to all authors who had written for, or might be interested in writing for, this particular program. "Notes for our Playwrights" was the communique's title, and it declared, in an accompanying headnote: "THIS SUPERSEDES ALL PREVIOUS NOTES FOR OUR PLAYWRIGHTS." Then, under a bold, unequivocal subhead, "WHAT WE WANT," it proceeded to unfold new horizons for television's dramatic art.

"As our show grows," the communique began, "as our experience increases, and as the taste of our viewing audience becomes more cultivated, sharper, more critical, quicker to respond to the very best we can offer, we widen the scope of the material we will consider. . . . We want plays truly theatrical in effect, dramatically strong, and emotionally powerful . . . fine dramas; romances; plays strong in suspense; sports stories; adventure stories. We are reaching out for serious plays with great impact presenting personal problems of a universal nature involving ethics, spirituality (but no denominational elements), faith, good will, awareness of present-day problems, justice, man's relation with other men and with the universe.

"Mainly we will present only modern, timely, characteristic American stories," the communique continues, warming to its wants. "Stories of crime and criminals generally will not be considered. However, we might present a play using the materials of crime (but not murder) if there are benign philosophic overtones, or if the qualities of forgiveness, mercy, and compassion are involved." The communique is also helpful as well as aspirant. Under "Some Practical Details of What We Want" it sets forth the following: "Believability is a one-word description of our kind of materials—characters that are quickly and easily identifiable—stories that 'might happen to you . . .' Since we believe that the peculiar quality of 'live' television is its revelation of character under the intense scrutiny of the television camera, we stress rich characterization in the writing of our plays. . . .

"Our best plays are those in which the situation is set up very fast . . . a basic situation strong and/or unusual enough to provide a rich story with steady plot growth to a suspenseful first-act ending, and then through rising action in the second act to a climax and denouement." Discerningly, then, the communique reveals: "This sort of play . . . calls for the most skilful blending of plot and character in a story full of varied incidents all contributing to the steady advancement of the dramatic situation. Stubbornly, we will not sacrifice plot to character; equally stubbornly, we will not develop character without plot. It isn't easy!" (The underlining and the exclamation point are the communique's.)

THE foregoing *dictat,* as we indicated at the head of the page, was issued last October. Scanning it here, the reader may wonder why, on those nameless nights when the communique's program X is presented, he has noticed no broad, deep stirring on his television screen, as if some massive, creative hand had divided the waters of primeval sameness from the waters of pristine monotony and set in the cleft thereof a firmament of passion and grandeur. The tables of the communique, like the Mosaic decalogue, contain all the answers.

"Our fundamental principle," sternly warns the fundamentalist gospel, "does not change: we present only entertainment for everyone—a 'family show'—which all may view without offense to any age group. We have earned our reputation with this sort of play, which is almost unique on our program in television entertainment; we have had an overwhelming audience response in ratings and fan mail; we have succeeded, we feel, to the extent that we are determined to do ever so much better." But in doing better, the communique reminds in conclusion: "We usually want a happy ending, either accomplished or implied; stories with tragic overtones may be used if there is a happy ending or, at least, a morally satisfying ending in sight at the end of the play."

"Serious plays with great impact" vs. "the family show with the happy ending and without offense to any age group." Here is a play which the

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author of the communique ought to write and sell to himself. The situation is set up very fast indeed; the plot structure is hot air tight; the action rises suspensefully, swiftly to a climactic dilemma. How is it going to come out? I was all set to tune in and find out when the postman delivered another communique to me—this one from the press department of the network which carries Program X, describing a forthcoming drama in the series:

"An unhappy wife, aware that her marriage is facing imminent disaster, ultimately discovers that her husband's love is the key to its salvation. . . . While her husband is mounting the ladder of success as a young business executive his wife is peculiarly ill at ease. She feels she is a millstone about his neck and that her unglamorous personality is a deterrent to the effective realization of his full worth. She usually refuses to accompany her husband to social functions, which causes his business associates to start talking. The situation reaches a climax at the most important party of his career, which she reluctantly agrees to attend."

I apologize to the author for prejudging his play on the basis of a publicity handout. I am sure it was believable, rich in characterization, modern, timely, American, truly theatrical, dramatically strong, and emotionally powerful, but I regret to say that I passed it up. I am waiting for his next one dealing with "man's relations with the universe."

THE Program X communique does not at all represent an uncommon pastiche of editorial preferences in the temples of television drama. Stop any TV playwright and he will confirm that these preferences are shared by the priests of the craft who officiate at many, many Madison Avenue altars. The communique is unique only in that it openly and unblushingly sets the law down in full for all to see. Most of the TV story editors pass it along to their writers over—or under—the table. Neither is there anything new in the communique's platform: offend no one, end pleasantly. According to television values it is understandable; in broader context it can even be plausibly defended.

What is offensive, however, is the hypocrisy of it. For surely the writer of the communique does not take his serious pretensions seriously. If he ever did, experience has taught him otherwise. This reviewer remembers with pleasure the originality and general excellence of the TV adaptation of "Nineteen Eighty-Four"—the Orwell novel of life in a future totalitarian state—with which "Studio One" opened its current season. Profoundly disturbing, widely praised, the production fluttered hopes that at long last a leading dramatic program would strike out in the direction of meaning rather than dig ever deeper in the "new school" sands of form, style, and precision. But a leading player on the show told me that the client "hated" the story, found it "depressing," and decreed that nothing like it should ever be done again. "Studio One" has been undistinguishable since.

The TV playwright who gave me my copy of the Program X communique said: "How can anyone write in such a vacuum?" The sad fact is the playwrights do. But someone must speak a compassionate word in defense of those among them who would like to write as their private worlds impel them to write. Must they pitch their bleeding hearts, or even their very competent pot-boilers, into the vacuum of such editorial double-talk?

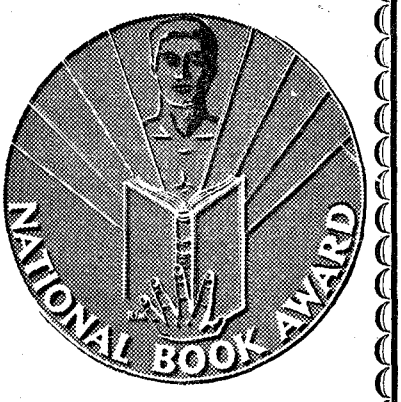
—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Comus

(*A picture described by Philostratus*)

By Ben Ray Redman

GODLIKE in sleep, wings folded, stained with wine,
Comus sleeps standing, smiling in his sleep,
Dreaming of sweet carnalities divine.
The twisted flowers upon his brow still keep
Their dewy fragrance; the incarnadine
Tip of his hunting spear burns in the sun,
The morning sun that fills the morning sky;
His right hand holds a torch whose night is done,
Whose flame is cold, for mundane torches die
When gods grow weary of the light they cast,
And, standing, smiling, sleep with slim legs crossed,
All passion spent, all mortal pleasures past,
That they may wake immortal—nothing lost.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Second Half "Figaro" and Non-Progressive "Rake"

AS IS generally known but too often forgotten, the Metropolitan "season" is actually two seasons, with a basic company that plays throughout, plus an overlay of personnel that comes and goes. Thus, the mid-point of late January finds the promise of such works as "Norma," "Il Barbiere," and "Walküre" to come, and such early-season experiences as "Faust," "Pelléas," and "Tannhäuser" all but forgotten. The "first-half" importations have departed, and their replacements have now arrived, with inevitable effects on the repertory.

There are, however, some borderline cases which begin early and continue late. Mozart's "Figaro" is such a case, and it gained vastly from the alteration of personnel which subtracted the Germanic Figaro of Erich Kunz in favor of Cesare Siepi, while replacing Lisa della Casa as the Countess by Eleanor Steber. Some other changes were more or less debatable in emphasis as regards present quality, however promising for the future.

Whether these changes were responsible, or whether he is now more at home with the whole production than previously, Fritz Stiedry's direction was much more impulsive and dramatically positive than previously. Conceivably Siepi's hearty voice and George London's forceful one (in the Count's music) gave the conductor a new basis for his dynamic values. But the total effect was much more animated than it had been, even though Roberta Peters performed another of her specialties by taking the role of Susanna at short notice in place of Nadine Conner, and the scenic production remains as diffused and unfocused as before.

Save for her chirpy production in singing the music, Miss Peters took over the role of Susanna in a way that will make it difficult to dislodge her. Her feeling for the part is apt and her appearance highly suitable. However, she has not yet learned to keep a maid's place in her relationship to those about her, and she has to lose the Gilda mannerisms if she is to be the kind of Susanna she can be.

London's voice is decidedly agreeable in this music, his feeling for the role of the Count otherwise. He seemed to be pushing for volume most of the evening, without having settled in his own mind just what sort of character this is. Miss Steber did some of her most beautiful singing in "Porgi amor," and Siepi produced sonorous tones, both high and low, with impressive abandon, while accomplishing more of a characterization than ever before.

The second-half period also brought Igor Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," amid occurrences almost unknown among the ultra-polite audience of the Metropolitan. The Tuesday night series (in which it was given) being the newest in the Met sequence, it was appreciably less pre-sold than some of the others, meaning there were more seats available for box-office sale—which didn't materialize in suitable abundance. In addition, some of those present started to leave in the middle of Act I, and by the end of Act II the barren spots were widespread.

I cannot quarrel with the ticket buyer's judgment in this case, for Stravinsky's creation grows less rather than more interesting as time passes, and its quirks and idiosyncrasies do not suit it to a repertory theatre. At the same time it must be mentioned that the 'prentice hand among such experienced Stravinsky singers as Hilde Gueden (Ann), Blanche Thebom (Baba), Mack Harrell (Nick Shadow), and Eugene Conley (Tom) belonged to Alberto Erede, who conducted. His preoccupation with the orchestral score left little time or energy for the stage values, which hardly provides what Stravinsky requires.

PRECEDED by a bus commercial and followed by one for tissue paper (with Jinx Falkenburg selling refrigerators along the way), Ottorino Respighi's "Sleeping Beauty in the Enchanted Forest" had its first American hearing recently on the TV program properly called "Omnibus"—since it includes everything including a bus sponsor (on this program they are referred to by Alistair Cooke as "underwriters"). For the most part it seemed to me a rather tedious exercise in fairytale music-writing which had gotten on the air because of a legend that it had been "lost" or "forgotten" since its premiere in Rome in 1922. (Its existence was well known to musicologists, also the reasons for its neglect.)

However, Respighi could hardly have written a three-act work (the TV condensation by George Bassmann, who conducted, was in two acts totaling not much more than an hour) without striking a fanciful vein somewhere along the way. This occurred at the point where the witches' prophecy is about to come true, as the Princess plays with a forbidden spinning wheel and suffers the near-fatal wound. All of this episode, including the evocation of the spinning wheel and the tragedy that befalls the Princess, through the scene in which the whole court falls under the spell of sleep that is to endure until she is awakened by the Prince, is highly creditable to Respighi. However, what precedes and follows—so far as this version may be trusted—is rather weak and pointless.

In terms of television craft this was ingeniously planned and successfully executed. However, both the Prince and the Princess were too fresh (in appearance) from the contemporary comic strip to suit Respighi's highly stylized music, and neither had more than promising voices (Jo Sullivan and Jim Hawthorne were the names). Nadia Witkowska sang the Ariadne-like part of the First Fairy well, and Gloria Lane, Leon Lishner, and Rosemary Kuhlmann made one wish this were a new Menotti score rather than an old Respighi one. The orchestra sounded small, and was poorly microphoned.

Quite the most stylish new violinist to be heard here recently, Alfredo Campoli, of Italian parentage and English residence, showed a way of playing the instrument at his Town Hall debut recently that any young performer might well emulate. (He appeared, quietly, with the Philharmonic-Symphony during the newspaper strike in December.) He is always in the right part of the bow for any effect he chooses to make, his tone is rarely ruffled, and he even managed to play the Bach "Chaconne" mostly in tune on an instrument obviously out of tune (the E and A strings).

Here, as in the Tartini G minor and the Beethoven F major ("Spring") sonatas, Campoli was a performer with a lively sense of style, though it is mostly violinistic style. He knows all the right moves, and makes them surely, unerringly; but the final impression is that they are moves in a chesslike pattern designed to produce "checkmate" as the solution. However, music of this order is incomplete without emotional involvement of the performer, and this Campoli did not provide. Artur Balsam provided the kind of pianistic support Campoli wanted—facile, unobtrusive, and essentially superficial.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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It's been a notable year, gastronomically speaking, with a sizable shelf-ful of fine new cookbooks claiming places in the already large library of culinary classics. The newcomers of the past twelvemonth are sized up in the articles on this and the following pages. A. I. M. S. Street (Mrs. Julian Street), whose essay appears below, is celebrated as a cook in gourmet circles and has contributed recipes to many standard cookbooks. The article starting on page 38 is the work of Lawton Mackall, restaurant editor of Gourmet Magazine *and author of "Knife and Fork in New York."*

The Gastronomical Year

By A. I. M. S. STREET

IN these days when scientific experiment is reported so fully in the press we are forever being asked to cope with figures running into an all but incomprehensible infinity. Now we have the atom, but before it snatched the headlines we were kept in proper mood by talk of such phenomena as speed beyond sound, and the curious habits of light-years.

Recently I have been forced to wonder if perhaps the preparation of food, as detailed in the seemingly endless stream of cookery books coming off the presses, wasn't fixing to edge into the infinity class. Looking over the shelf upon shelf of books now in print, remembering that each page contains at least one recipe, I found myself inarticulate and in a kind of awe. It is difficult to realize that the end is not yet, that if I had a list of every foodstuff and multiplied all possibilities the figures would trail an untold number of digits. The thought grew, during a look-see through the past year's cookbook output, that we have moved such a long way into variety cooking, that perhaps it is time to pause to take stock and consolidate our position.

Most—though by no means all—of this year's new books deal with a single subject or a special field—as compared, for example, with such hardy-perennial omnibuses as "The Fannie Farmer Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" or Irma Rombauer's "Joy of Cooking." With only a few exceptions the books seem to have been written by people with a message: some entirely serious, some apparently with the feeling that various subjects need more particular attention, others with no more compelling a reason than belief in their own concoctions. One has the sense that for the most part they are *working* books.

For instance, cooks with the anxious job of catering for heart patients can turn now to two very serious efforts to help: **"Low Sodium Cook Book,"** by Alma Smith Payne and Dorothy Callahan (Little, Brown $4); and **"Gourmet Cooking for Cardiac Diets,"** by Florence Field (World, $3.50). The books differ in make-up, only the former mentioning the problem of weight reduction; otherwise, the writers proceed with the utmost in conscientiousness and with the appearance also of having whatever of special knowledge is necessary.

For householders bringing questions as to the working habits of a freezer Ann Seranne in **"Your Home Freezer"** (Doubleday, $3.75) and Hazel Meyer in **"The Complete Book of Home Freezing"** (Lippincott, $4.95) produce all the answers. Both books have their noses to the grindstone in proper working posture, and explanation, advice, charts, and a myriad of new ideas come sparking off.

Occupation for the serious-minded child, newly emerged from the mud-pie stage, demanding to eat what next she cooks is provided by **"Let's Have Fun Cooking,"** by Frances Youngren (Moody Press, Chicago, $1.00). The book contains a sprinkling of clearly defined recipes designed to appeal to children and, being a publication of the Moody Bible Institute, the pages are embellished by Bible verses, graces, and prayers. It was rather disheartening to see that bridge-club pest of yesteryear turning up again—a fantasy consisting of lettuce leaf, one slice of canned pineapple with a half banana standing upright at its center, the whole dripping with mayonnaise and topped by a red cherry. But perhaps—pity the poor young palates!—it has found its niche, a birthday party attended by be-frilled small girls.

Another whose problems are dealt with is the distracted owner of all the latest in electrical gadgets who has not got around to exercising sufficient ingenuity to learn how to use them properly. His book is **"Complete Small Appliance Cook Book,"** by John and Marie Roberson (A. A. Wyn, $2.95). To me the book was rather a surprise, as the manufacturers and sellers of the new toys have managed to create the impression that each will do the work of every other, and of almost every type of cooker. The reverse surely is true, and the confusion in this case regrettable, as it tends to limit one's interest in some very pleasant recipes. I bow in gratitude to the Robersons for Cantonese Egg Rolls, which seemed not to mind being cooked on a griddle which is well nigh prehistoric; and when next I meet up with a mess of soft-shell crabs I shan't pause in their preparation to worry over the absence, in the kitchen, of an infra-red broiler. Well anyway, it's that kind of book, tailored for the young liberal in the field of cookery, not the middle-aged reactionary.

THE trouble with dealing with a round-up of cookery books such as

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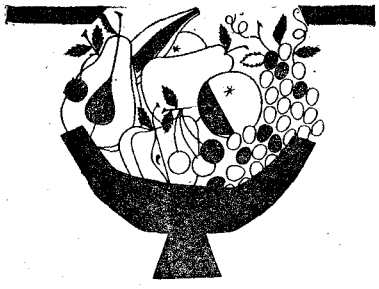

The Best I Ever Ate

By JUNE PLATT and SOPHIE KERR

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—*The New Yorker* $3.50

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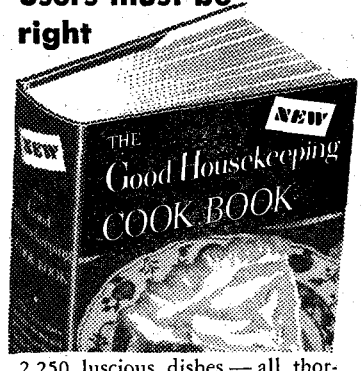

2,250 luscious dishes — all thoroughly checked and kitchen-perfected by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Every recipe includes necessary directions for using the latest equipment—with time-saving methods of buying, preparing and serving meals. The skilled cook will find new ideas and short-cuts, diets and delicious menus used by over a million and a half women throughout America. The novice can learn basic step-by-step special cooking-for-two recipes. 1,024 pages, 17 full-color illustrations, many how-to-do-it sketches. Washable cover. $3.50

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this is one's inability to persuade them to lie down together. They are nothing if not individual. By stretching a point it is possible to link up Florence Brobeck's **"Old Time Pickling and Spicing Recipes"** (Barrows, $2.50) and Zella Boutell's **"The Christmas Cook Book"** (Viking, $3.95), but only because they are the most memory-evoking volumes I've had in hand for some time. Florence Brobeck combines the wealth of the garden with the spices of the East and the West, of the islands and the seas; and creates the scents of an autumn kitchen before the winter food cupboard has been filled. And Zella Boutell reminds us again of the Christmas delights of bygone years when the entire family shared in the pre-holiday cooking, and Christmas meant more than one day. The first chapter of this book is alone worth the price of admission.

As to the next four, all specialists in single subjects, they are again working books. **"101 Pies"** and **"101 Salads"** are the products of the American Home Magazine Kitchens ($1 each). The attempt on the part of the homemaking departments of the large magazines to blow fresh breezes through the kitchen seem much appreciated by younger cooks. If occasionally a breeze turns freakish, resulting in the kind of fiasco known in our family as a "fancy awfulness," that undoubtedly comes of effort sent in too many directions. In the main these books give good grounding advice and a variety of choice, and one's own taste must lead the way through.

"The Chicken Cook Book," by Michel A. Josef (Greenberg, $3), is just that, its over 500 recipes going into every nook and cranny of chicken cookery. One would know the writer to be a chef by his oneness with his subject, by the simplicity and sharpness of the directions given; and also by the occasional recipe left dangling, as if the final treatment were considered too simple for further notice. Most of us tend to limit the use of a cookbook to about half-a-dozen recipes—wrongfully, of course, both book and cook suffering a kind of starvation through loss of the many bypassed treasures. However, pending our reform we can only say that the selection of six from this book will give no trouble.

And so to **"The Complete Meat Cookbook,"** by Beth Bailey McLean and Thora Hegstad Campbell (Charles A. Bennett Co., Peoria, $5.95)—a working book in very truth. At first glance the book defeats itself by its muchness; 2,000 recipes are too many to cope with. A closer look makes one wonder into which category it fits. One feels straight back at school, scribbling notes in loose-leaf book: "A B C of Carving: 'Try to avoid pushing any food onto the tablecloth'." And that's it, of course! It is a thorough Domestic Science Course in meat and poultry, from the hoof to the table wherever it may be, inside or out of doors. Its thoroughness is rather overwhelming. We suspect that maybe, of its kind, it is a masterpiece.

One last book there is in the specialty class which, pitying the poor cook, I will leave to the end, when its ministrations will be needed. Its title: **"Reduce and Enjoy It Cookbook."**

IN turning to the more general cookery books it becomes apparent that most of the writers go in rather seriously for menu-making. The putting together of a menu is an exceedingly tricky business—or art, if you like; not to be entered into lightly or inadvisedly since there are definite rules of the game. General Frank Dorn, whose **"The Dorn Cookbook"** (Regnery, $4.95) will be mentioned in turn, brings up the subject in his discussion of Chinese cookery: "The taste buds of Chinese guests are aroused by the application of the principle of Yang and Yin—which is merely the belief that all elements of life must be balanced by opposites—light and dark, male and female, hot and cold, sweet and sour . . ."

This gives the essence of the story, although a word should be said for the simple in contrast to the too complicated. At the present point in dining evolution the accepted principle seems to be that one dish in the meal is starred, generally the main or meat dish, and that all else should complement, or at least not rise up to smite.

Proceeding from the principle to the books, **"Stella Standard's Menus"** (Viking, $3.25) to my notion comes out the best of the lot. The test in her case is the stiffest since her book is made up of menus with detailed recipes following. Most are choice and not overloaded, even those suggested for the feasting season being balanced and fairly modest. Wines to accompany are recommended in each case, and the book contains a short chapter on wine, which, however, is too sketchy to be of much help.

Having brought up the subject of the general's book, one is forced to say that the menus don't stand up to the principles quite so well—or perhaps it is the one principle of simplicity which seems to have been too little considered.

Every time our eye lights on **"The Dorn Cookbook"** an Oliver Herford story comes to mind. Oliver was dining out one evening at a fashionable party, quite possibly cursing the weakness which had allowed him to

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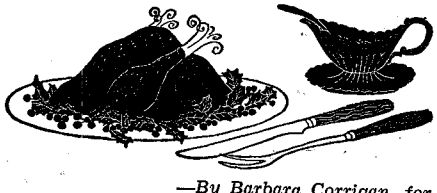
accept, as he deeply disapproved parties of whatever description. The second honor guest was a currently fussed-over general. At the end of dinner the Helen Hokinson-type hostess stopped all conversation to announce that the great wit Oliver Herford would now improvise a poem. "Oh no, ma'am," protested the horrified Oliver, shrinking down into his too-high collar. Then, recovering a bit, he murmured: "Allow me to suggest that it would be much more fitting to invite the general to fire a cannon."

So far as we're concerned, General Dorn has fired a cannon. He has done a robust he-man book, full of highly-seasoned manfare, with not a hesitating or questioning note from one cover to the next. For his money this is the Great American Cook Book or he'll know the reason why! Well, it has much about it of interest, and cooking through it will be fun.

"Toll House Cook Book," by Ruth Wakefield (Little, Brown, $5), is another which seems to fall by the wayside when menus are considered, although I am entirely conscious, in making this criticism, of being in a minority, as the present volume is a revised edition after twenty-seven printings. However, the starred dish in each case seems to have rather too heavy competition and, since the menus are made up of recipes from the book, the criticism of too much richness and too great complication could be made of the whole.

I can only suppose that someone connected with **"What to Cook for Company,"** by Lenore Sullivan (Iowa State College Press, $3.95), does not like wine and has no sympathy with wine cookery. I checked through a number of recipes, all concocted by Frenchmen who never in their lives cooked more than a hands-length away from a bottle of wine—Boeuf à la Mode, Chicken Marengo, Baba au Rum—and the answer is not a drop of wine in the book. *Quelle dommage!* However, there is another side to the coin: cooks who sympathize in this abstention will find here the old favorites dressed as well as possible, given the fact that the second most important ingredient is omitted. Otherwise the impression the book leaves is one of placid generosity, offering a multiplicity of recipes, many foreign, a multiplicity of richness therein.



—By Barbara Corrigan, for "Toll House Cook Book."

In quite opposite case is **"Today's Woman Cook Book"** (Arco, $2), which goes so far as to include a short chapter on wine cookery. Again a book with excellent and explicit grounding advice, it has also enough to interest the ambitious cook. The palate must steer through such narrows as waffles à la mode.

Travel books there generally are, from far places. The past year saw a dearth of such, unless one counts **"Good Home Cooking Across the U.S.A.,"** by Nell Nichols (Iowa State College Press, $4.95). It is a kind of culinary geography, the author having traveled the paths and bypaths of the nation, asking questions and receiving enlightening answers. New knowledge is served up with legend in a leisurely and appreciative manner, and since both may be found tucked into sentences, not to mention phrases, skip-hopping through the book is not recommended.

As a child saves the last good bite, so I have held back **"The Best I Ever Ate,"** by June Platt and Sophie Kerr (Rinehart, $3.50). Sophie Kerr and that preoccupation with food which appears in all her stories needs no introduction here. She can't keep away from writing about food and, bless her, I hope she never tries. The latest opus, this time in collaboration with June Platt, herself a most able practitioner in the field of the cookery book, is very satisfying—good to read, rewarding to cook from.

And so to the end, and to **"Reduce and Enjoy It Cookbook,"** by Elaine L. Ross (Harper, $2.50). How nice to know one needn't undergo torture in the weeks ahead! There is nothing of torture in this book. It is sensible, gives one what looks to be an almost normal choice, and is guaranteed, with cooperation, to work.

As would be inevitable in a project such as this, thoughts on cookery books in general kept pace with the analysis of each individual; and so far as size is concerned our vote is hereby cast for the small books, those introducing a limited number of recipes. The large books are too overpowering. Merely looking at one is enough to send the cook drooping away in weariness to embrace the known, and fry a chop. The obvious alternative, a number of smaller books, each covering one subject, is impossible because of publishing costs. One can only suggest greater selectivity.

If any there be who reads this essay and wonders why all the serious chatter about mere food I can only quote Arnold Bennett: "A man of sixty has spent more than three years of his life in eating." That is a long time to be bored, or to struggle with indigestion.

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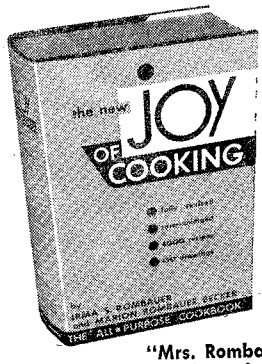

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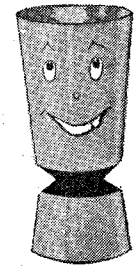

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Tastebuds at Bay

By LAWTON MACKALL

WHETHER we like it or not, and the evidence is that we do, erstwhile staid cooking-school-marms have turned temptresses, baring their secrets palate-seductively. Consult one of them as to, say, the oven temperature of a pot pie that Grandma used to make, and first thing you know you're snared by something different, irrelevant, irresistible. The only safety lies in laying hands upon the page around the recipe sought; even then we're apt to peek through our fingers.

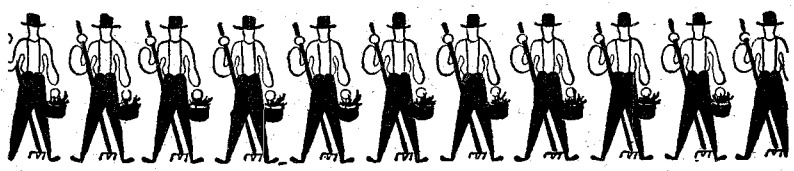
Light on what provender to serve sippers in the dimness of after-dinner TV-viewing is shed by Olga de Leslie Leigh, whose sagacity as a hostess runs deeper than her casual title, **"501 Easy Cocktail Canapés"** (Crowell, $3), gives notice of. Along with tasty trove to be dealt with by grope, she offers inviting-looking pinwheels, tartlets, pastry rolls, sandwiches, meatballs, turnovers, cocktail waffles, spreads, and dunks; plus a special repertory of snacks and canapés for the gender that appreciates a folding table. Typical of Mrs. Leigh's scope are sixteen different stuffings for celery, and the marshaling of options for luncheon cocktail accompaniments predicated upon what the main course is to be. A book as crisply alert as it is epicurean.

But what about the drinks? The first half of **"Cocktails and Snacks,"** by Robert and Anne London (World, 2.75), provides answer with a bartender's dictionary (exemplary except for failure to state that bottled in bond whiskey must be 100 proof) and a representative parade of potations. I boggle at the Perfect Cocktail made of equal parts of sweet vermouth, dry vermouth, and gin, instead of ½ gin and the vermouths ¼ each; also something called Fish House Punch No. 2, which to Philadelphian ears would ring as blasphemously as "Independence Hall No. 2." But any roster of drinks begets discussion, and the London collection is by and large a good one. The same may be said of their extensive snack-and-dip assortment. Indeed, this book bids fair to outmode some of its predecessors.

If you want to forget what day it is, or what week, pick up the revised and enlarged edition of the **"Antoinette Pope School Cookbook"** (Macmillan, $3.95). Previously Mrs. Pope and her husband-partner, François, held themselves down to a niggardly 800 recipes; now the score is 1,353, all tested in their cooking academy in Chicago, and many committed to the millions via his TV program. In print Pope pedagogy—ranging from seafood thermidor puffs to pumpkin chiffon pie, with special sections on smörgasbord, Cantonese techniques, vegetable carving, fruit preserving, cake architecture, etc.—doesn't scruple at hynopsis.

Less heavy on the stomach of a reader in bed, but lavish with butter, cream, and other costlies, is **"Food to Make You Famous,"** by Mary Hall and Irene Radcliffe (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.75), edited by Charlotte Turgeon, who bobs out of her sanctum to emcee particular renown builders such as the Russian crab soup pilau, the brook trout with port wine, the breasts of chicken Cynthia, the boned squab Cumberland. Royal crown roast of lamb with wild rice dressing and pineapple sweet potato nests, platter drama with two-page plot, needs only green salad for feast completion. I'm trying the Epicurean baked beef tongue stuffed with sweetbreads, ripe olives, mushrooms (twenty-five-ingredient project) this Sunday, and trust that acclaim will be forthcoming.

Flavorful fungi have found a true friend in hobby chef Garibaldi M. Lapolla, whose slim volume, **"The Mushroom Cook Book"** (Wilfred Funk,



—By Virginia Filson Walsh, for "The Shaker Cook Book."

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$2.95), exalts them above the accessory class and makes meals of them, attested by 111 recipes in which any meat, fish, egg, or vegetable plays second fiddle if not piccolo. The book's almost sniffable redolence is abetted by author-drawn decorations with which his pages are capped or stemmed.

Dipping into Eastern and Southern waters and bowing to the lobster-tail end of Africa, Louis Garrison has come up with **"Delicious Seafood Recipes"** (Crowell, $3). Chiefly of the old favorite sort, freshly presented. The Caspian Sea makes the grade with caviar, but our West Coast gets in only via salmon can . . . Bijou of a botanic-gastronomic book: **"Herbs from the Garden to the Table,"** by Dorothy Childs Hogner with plant portraits and end-paper garden limned by Nils Hogner (Oxford, $3.95). The Hogners, who operate an herb farm, favor cookery cannily seasoned as per recipes offered. . . . Bird book: **"Marion Tracy's Complete Chicken Cookery"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3), running the gamut from Maryland to Marengo, with Cacciatore, Arroz con Pollo, and Broiled Chicken Sauterne en route. Some of the most cherishable procedures have come from distinguished New York restaurants—Marcel Perret's Café St. Denis contributing Coq au Vin and Chicken Smitane; Pierre's represented by that restaurant's blandly delicious pâté and by omelette à la Reine with creamed chicken; Henri's by its notably devourable "queen style fly-away-in-the-wind." Chicken Divan of the Divan Parisien has been simplified (drastically), but it still bubbles Mauna Loa style.

ADDENDUM for Americana addicts: **"The Shaker Cook Book,"** by Caroline B. Piercy (Crown, $3). Born in Shaker Heights, Ohio, Mrs. Piercy came naturally by her interest in the "kitchen sisters" who prepared herb-seasoned meals for the Shaker communities and were America's first commercial canners. Of the nineteen communities, spread from Maine to Kentucky, only three are functioning today; hence the value of this lore-gatherer's zeal. If the culinary precepts and recipes she has brought us seem quaintly sensible rather than sensational it is because the bonneted Believers more or less founded our home economics. Tearooms might yet appropriate a few dishes from them.

Of a somewhat different nature, if I may say so, is the revival of Virginia City, Nevada, under the secular deaconship of Lucius Beebe. One of its signs and tokens is **"The Virginia City Cook Book"** (Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, $1.95), product of the joint labors of Helen Evans Brown, Philip S. Brown, Katharine Best, and Katharine Hillyer, with foreword in the Beebe manner by Mr. Beebe. The only thing they left out is dulness.

To anyone with a famished seraglio on his hands let me hastily lend **"Sultan's Pleasure and Other Turkish Recipes,"** by Robin Howe and Pauline Espir (A. A. Wyn, $3). Actually that title dish is merely an eggplant pulp affair to accompany lamb; I'd sooner suggest the Fainting Imam—chilled combination of same vegetable, tomatoes, onions, lemon juice, garlic, etc.

For the woman with healthy children to feed on a not too robust budget forthright understanding counsel is packaged as **"Parents' Magazine Family Cookbook,"** by Blanche M. Stover, food editor of that periodical (McGraw-Hill, $3.95.) . . . Casseroles will be getting conceited, so many books come out about them—for instance, **"Casserole Magic,"** by Lousene Rousseau Brunner (Harper, $3). This cook's Swiss Steak Supreme is cooked with canned tomatoes, tomato paste, and tomato catsup. Evidently the lady loves love-apples. Which brings us to **"Venus in the Kitchen, Or Love's Cookery Book,"** by Norman Douglas masking his erudite mischief with the signature Pilaff Bey. (Viking, $3.75) Graham Greene contributes an introduction to this wallet of hopes.

Don't hoist eyebrow at the adroit deviations you encounter in Rose L. Sorce's **"La Cucina"** (Twayne, $3); she's Italian-Milwaukian and her food, Sicilian to the Alps, is good . . . Sassy, sybaritic, and informative as to cooking's chemistry: **"Oh, for a French Wife!"** by Ted Maloney and Deke Coleman (Abelard-Schuman, $2.50). . . . Superb opus, illustrated with color plates, in "Pleasures of Life" series: **"Food,"** by André Simon, Olympian president of the Wine & Food Society (Horizon, $5). Besides recounting memorable meals and discussing cookbooks of the past, this Jove of the gullet macerates a few misconceptions. No, Carême was never chef to Talleyrand; he was chef pâtissier. No, *lobster à l'américaine* wasn't a name-switch with catch-tourist intent; it is around a century old. Subsequently came the armoricaine schism.

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People

Continued from page 23

by literary standards. It is surfacey; it is sometimes maudlin; it is frequently incredible. But, if it does not prove its point, it certainly suggests that the Negro American's experience is not altogether as tragic and disheartening as some people think.

Faraway from Home

***"The Hidden Land," by Ursula Graham Bower** (William Morrow. 260 pp. $4), is an Englishwoman's account of her journey to and life in the remote Subansiri district of Northwestern India. Here it is reviewed by John Frederick Muehl, author of "Interview with India."*

By John Frederick Muehl

IN THE past pages of Ursula Graham Bower's "The Hidden Land" the author herself raises a rather embarrassing question when, in describing the difficulties of her return to England, she asks, "How could we communicate the incommunicable?" The answer, of course, is that one cannot, an important thing for a writer to remember since the first stage in the preparation of any book is the reduction of its theme to manageable proportions. "The Hidden Land" is itself a case in point. From line to line it is intrinsically interesting; yet the overall effect is confused and frustrating because Miss Bower does not know what she wants to say.

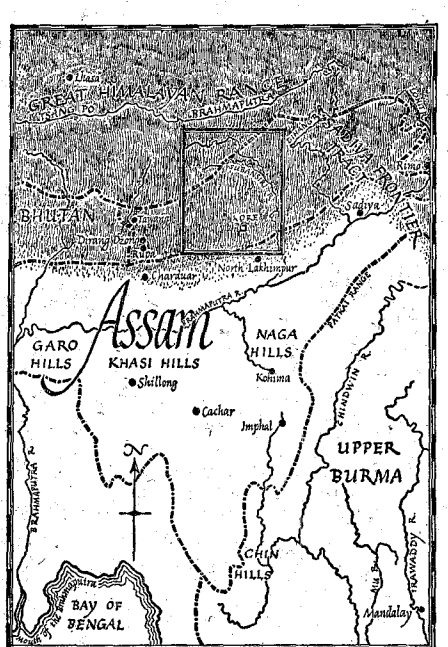
In 1946 Miss Bower embarked on the trip which was to provide the materials for her book, into the Subansiri district of Northeastern India in the company of her husband, who was the Political Officer. From the outset their journey was fantastically difficult, as might have been anticipated since the Subansiri district is one of the most remote and wild in the whole of India, not only unpacified but largely unmapped. There were difficulties of terrain, desertions by porters, hostility from the tribesmen they were sent to govern. There were raging rivers and swinging cane bridges and leeches that fastened themselves to one's skin. In this section of the book Miss Bower is at her best, for her problems, both as explorer and as writer, were straightforward. The object was to get from one place to another and to record the difficulties surmounted in doing it.

But in the Apa Tani valley, where the book really centers, it is not nearly so clear what Miss Bower attempts. She is the sophisticated outsider, the friend of the villagers, and the cultural anthropologist by unpredictable turns. This is a cruel way of putting it, for there are no deliberate poses; indeed a virtue of the book is its unpretentiousness. But it suffers from the complete inability of its author to take a position and describe things from there. If Miss Bower is focusing on the Apa Tanis and Daflas why does she assume so important a role? If she is instead reconstructing a personal experience why are there such gaps and why is her husband left out? One cannot afford to be doctrinaire; there are endless possibilities of purpose and theme, but the point is, these qualities cannot be left to chance, they must rather be imposed upon random circumstances.

If one is allowed to speculate I suggest that Miss Bower has not yet consolidated her own experiences in Subansiri. The conclusion of her book seems like a guarded confession of a still-bewildered, still-embittered frame of mind. This is certainly understandable in the light of past events, particularly in the light of the tragedy at Subansiri. But, brutal as it may be to point it out, this is also a good reason to delay writing a book.

Notes

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY: Good letter-writing is a gift reserved to few authors. And few letters merit public scrutiny —unless they reveal glimpses of a superior mind, wit, or talent. Gladys Taber and Barbara Webster, the authors of **"Stillmeadow and Sugarbridge"** (Lippincott, $5), have therefore ventured into a highly exacting field. In a collection of letters, arranged almanac fashion around a year's calendar, they exchange news and chitchat about life on the rural-delivery belt.



—Frontispiece for "The Hidden Land."

Between their country houses flows a tireless stream of commentary on the weather and seasons, on birds, dogs, horses, neighbors, families—on all the delights, trials, and trivia of rustic existence. Both ladies are ecstatic nature-lovers; nor do they shun the pleasures of a good book or record, a hearty meal or holiday party. Although they succumb to occasional colds in the head and other miseries, they leave no doubt about their sturdy health and lively spirit. Male readers might find the culinary and housekeeping somewhat tiresome, but these tidbits should intrigue women—especially aficionadas of women's magazines. If this book is not a major contribution to the epistolary art, it does have the charm of intimacy, friendliness, and informality. It is profusely illustrated with line drawings by Edward Shenton, who is related to Miss Webster by marriage.

—Ray Pierre.

BOUDOIR HISTORY: Everyone knows about Henry VIII and his six wives, but few are acquainted with his passionate sister, Margaret, and her three husbands. Michael Glenne's biography, **"King Harry's Sister"** (Roy, $3.75), spins a romantic web around a solid core of historical fact.

To assure Scottish friendship the Tudors married the fourteen-year-old Margaret to James IV, he experienced at wenching but determined to be kindly, she a petulant child with a scanty dowry. But Henry VIII's ambition bred a war which widowed Margaret and left her subject to the influence of Scottish nobles who cherished a French alliance against England. Henceforth Margaret was to vacillate uneasily between genuinely Scottish sympathies and love for her English brother. With the connivance of her last two husbands, the Queen Regent tried to imitate bluff King Hal in bursting the shackles of feudalism. In the end, although she earned a brother's hatred and a reputation in Scotland for treason, she did see her son firmly seated on the Scottish throne.

Fact and fancy mingle a trifle disconcertingly in this biography, but for those who prefer to observe their history through the boudoir keyhole here is racy reading indeed.

—John Trueman.

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Fiction

(*Continued from page 20*)

summing-up, most people will agree that these pages, with their inky, moody illustrations by James Boswell (contemporary), have warmly resurrected a few memories.

"Take everything for what it is, don't try to improve it, Joe. A chicken is a chicken. A man is a man. A little unicorn is a little unicorn. It's enough," remarks Mr. Kandinsky. Joe's father is off in Africa, where unicorns are said to roam, and it's the constant dream of Joe and his mother that they will join him some day. Joe wants a unicorn, as a kind of talisman. Schmule, the "Aldgate Hammer," a wrestler who works in Mr. Kandinsky's tailor shop, wants the title of "Mr. World" and just enough money to buy his girl an engagement ring. His girl wants the ring. Mr. Kandinsky wants a Superheat Steam Presser.

Abetted by Mr. Kandinsky, part of Joe's dream comes true when the unicorn appears, a crippled, sickly kid from a nearby animal market. For Joe it's the focus of his life, even more important than Schmule, who is getting ready for his big match with "Python Macklin." At the key scene, following Schmule's gory triumph, it looks as if goals will be reached all around, due mostly to Mr. Kandinsky's good management. But Africana now mysteriously disappears, leaving in her place a solid gold sovereign which looks exactly like the one on Mr. Kandinsky's watch chain. And Joe, thinking hard about Africa and his father, is proud of the little unicorn with its shining horn which must have decided to go back home.

"Never mind," Mr. Kandinsky said, "sometimes in spite of everything a child grows well, a man goes from strength to strength, a woman's face does not fade. In the same way some unicorns must have lived. They were the clever ones. They saw how things were going and didn't waste time blaming men or cursing life, or threatening God, or any other foolishness. Instead they came forward and said to the rest, 'Listen friends. If we don't do something soon there will be no unicorns left in the world'."

Notes

CHILDREN IN A STORM: Jan and Adinda are war waifs adopted by Parson Grijpma and his wife. The children have the cutest play-nest in the church belfry, and it is they who ring the bells. When the dykes break and the town is flooded they are up in the belfry with Bussy, a pup, Ko, a white rabbit, and Noisette, a kitten. A rooster joins them.

Mother Grijpma perishes, and the pastor vanishes. The children take over the abandoned houseboat of a dwarfish lady, and instantly bedeck themselves in costumes. After some happy days in their floating doll's house they are rescued by a gruff but sentimental seaman. Delivered to a hospital ship, with menagerie intact, they learn that Pastor Grijpma has been seen in Onderkirk, so they stow themselves away in a coffin destined for that town, to rejoin him. In the end children, pastor, and pets are together in their own village, which is being rebuilt under the eye of a rough but dear character who has a pet monkey.

All this is told in Jan De Hartog's **"The Little Ark"** (Harper, $2.75), a story that has charm, suspense, tenderness, and skill. Perhaps too much skill, for his series of novel effects adorn the elemental disaster of his story like elements on a lightning-shredded tree trunk.

What is Mr. De Hartog trying to say in this story? To teach children

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to make games of the catastrophic? To say that children are never so loved as in a disaster, when people are good, and united? But this latter message is weakened by the contrived quality of the novel.

If Mr. De Hartog wanted mainly to point out that children are unable to assimilate tragedy he was anticipated by Richard Hughes in "The Innocent Voyage." In this classic, it will be remembered, five children are shipped back to England after an earthquake in Jamaica. They are captured by pirates, have fun with a white pig, a goat, and a monkey, see a lion and tiger fight. A little girl commits a murder, and in the end causes innocent men to be hanged. "Children have little faculty of distinguishing between disaster and the ordinary course of their lives," says Mr. Hughes, but he proceeds to reveal the horror that may live beneath childish guile, while Mr. De Hartog confines himself to the sunny smile.

Mr. De Hartog would seem to be saying that nature provides children with a protection against extreme experience, and that trauma need not result. The human psyche is indeed tremendously resilient, but I doubt whether it can be agreed that such shocks are typically assimilated with lightness and joy. I saw many war orphans in France and in Israel; I saw small children making the difficult underground trek across Europe to illegal ships bound for Palestine. Like Jan and Adinda, they received much love from the adults around them, yet playfulness was extremely rare in them. The French film "Forbidden Games" came closer, I think, to rendering what Mr. De Hartog had in mind. —MEYER LEVIN.

FOUR LADIES AND A COUNT: In Monica Stirling's new novel, **"Ladies with a Unicorn"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), four women are in love with the same man, a situation guaranteed to lead to complications. The unfortunate gentleman's name is Count Anton-Giulio Sarmento, and he is both an Italian aristocrat and a leading director of the kind of films now known as "neo-realistic." All through Miss Stirling's novel he is so engrossed with the production of his latest masterpiece, then being filmed on location in Rome, that he remains almost completely ignorant of the tempests of emotion apparently aroused in feminine bosoms by the mere mention of his name. I say "almost" because he does fall violently in love with one of the ladies involved (just the one you would expect him to succumb to, by the way) and there is a satisfyingly happy ending to it all.

Miss Stirling tells her story through

Monica Sterling—"four terrifying women."

one of the women, a French composer whose husband was killed by the Gestapo during the Occupation and who is determined to remain permanently unhappy. The other three ladies are a beautiful English girl whose romantic wartime marriage to a French financier is souring on a steady diet of upper-middle-class living; an attractive but oh so terribly earnest and idealistic young actress; and Anton-Giulio's cousin Valeria, a Roman princess with an explosive personality and a mind full of shopworn ideas about the blessings of authoritarian rule and the need for keeping the lower classes in their proper place. These four terrifying women spend a great deal of time intriguing with each other for the unsuspecting Anton-Giulio's affections and having long heart-to-heart talks about love, life, and happiness.

Miss Stirling's novel is worth reading, if only because she writes with tenderness and an unusual skill for accurately recreating the sights and sounds of life in modern Rome. Some of her characters, notably Valeria and the young actress, are also real creations, human beings brought vividly to life by the author's understanding of their motivations and her ability to communicate this understanding to her readers. —WILLIAM MURRAY.

TROUBLED REFUGE: Constantine Fitz-Gibbon's short novel **"The Holiday"** (Simon & Schuster, $2.75) reads more like the remembered horrors of a guilt-ridden nightmare than the creative imaginings of a conscious mind.

The author would have us grant him a prosperous, middle-aged American doctor who, when he discovers his wife holding hands with another, drops her, his two children, and his practice in order to renew his acquaintance with Italy. Once in the little town of Siano he promptly loses $4,000 in traveler's cheques, and hastily seduces the innkeeper's daughter, Concetta. Concetta's father, Adelmo (on whose bounty, incidentally, Dr. Warren is subsisting), protests. Even Concetta is dismayed that Warren has been dilatory in bringing forward data relating to his American ménage. Warren further chafes the tempers of the villagers by interfering in the treatment of a sick child. When the child dies and Dr. Warren has been unable to raise any cash Siano decides it has had quite enough of him. Adelmo and a group of Warren's creditors beat him savagely. When he revives he goes back to Concetta, who, rather understandably, has no further wish to help him. The infuriated crowd—thinking him the murderer of the child—pursues him to the sea. As he flings himself, demented, off the cliff to his death by drowning on page 151 the reader experiences no considerable sensation.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

SOCIAL CLIMBER: In his new novel, **"Willoughby Carter"** (Norton, $3.50), Humphrey Pakington tells a straight old-fashioned story from the birth of his hero to his wedding day. The period is from the 1880's to 1910, and the novel might have been written in that orderly and even time. It makes few demands on a reader and offers the small rewards of a sincere and well-mannered narrative about some uncomplicated people.

Willoughby Carter had a mildly uphill boyhood in the English midlands. Without birth, breeding, or connections, he possessed a spark of social ambition, assiduously fanned by his ambitious mother, which made him want something more than a commercial career in his father's small manufacturing business.

His medical studies at St. Kenelm's Hospital in Madringham became an absorbing experience, "a narrow life, but he enjoyed the narrowness, the concentration on the work at hand." But the novel veers away from that pursuit to his mother's social calculations, and soon Willoughby develops an interest in the daughter of Sir Digby and Lady Royle of Chedworth Hall.

Mr. Pakington adroitly interweaves stories of medicine, business, love, and the social climb. In the end, after a dead-end amour with a girl who turned up at the Clapton Infirmary, Willoughby becomes a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and wins a hospital post as well as a wife to his mother's liking. His story lacks the zest and pointed humor of Mr. Pakington's "Otterley" novels.

—WALTER HAVIGHURST.

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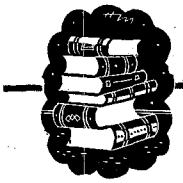

NEW EDITIONS

Genesis of the Social Conscience

ONE CANNOT read far in the literature of modern social reform without coming on references to Beccaria and his importance as a pioneer thinker in the field of penology, but the short book to which he owes his fame has long been out of print in English. Now, thanks to Academic Reprints (Stanford, California), it is again readily available, in a reproduction of the second American edition of 1819—"An Essay on Crimes and Punishments," with a commentary by Voltaire ($4). The fact that so many of Beccaria's ideas are today commonplaces is proof of the accuracy and power of his thinking; certainly they were not so when he wrote in 1764, nor for many years afterwards. A gifted mathematician, a lawyer, and an economist, Beccaria took a broad philosophic view of his subject, analyzed its elements, and reduced his consequent arguments to syllogistic simplicity. After establishing what he believed to be two truths —that the punishment should fit the crime, and that the measure of a crime is the amount of harm it does society —he proceeded by logical steps to his grand conclusive theorem: "That a punishment may not be an act of violence, of one, or of many, against a private member of society, it should be public, immediate, and necessary, the least possible in the case given, proportioned to the crime, and determined by the laws." Beccaria is one of the writers who have made history.

Speaking of which, Robert S. Hartman has given us an excellent translation of Hegel's "Reason in History" (Liberal Arts Press, 75¢), in which Hegel presents a philosophy of history that is, to my mind, one vast tautology. But, as Mr. Hartman says in his first-rate introduction, both Hegel's "revolutionary form" and "conservative content" have been widely influential. Not least of his sons by the left hand is Karl Marx—and that brings us to "Letters to Americans 1848-1895," by Marx and Engels, edited by Alexander Trachtenberg (International Publishers, $4). This valuable collection throws much light on the rise of Communism and Socialism in the United States, reveals the Marx-Engels determination to keep their special brand of Communism undefiled by other left-wing thought, and exhibits conspicuously the doctrinaire narrowness, shortsightedness, wishful thinking, and ill-temper that made Marx call all who disagreed with him rogues, rascals, scoundrels, jackasses, and nonentities.

From Marx it is a natural step to what he called the opium of the people—of which I find a goodly supply on hand at the moment. Here is "The Belief of Catholics" (Sheed & Ward, $2.75), by Ronald Knox, a vigorous, brilliant, famous apologist who cogently presents the credentials of the Catholic Church; who logically contends that, if the doctrines of his Church are true, other doctrines are not; and who refuses to have any truck with "the milk of nineteenth-century liberalism" or "cloudy formulas and indefinite compromises." Here is "Seven Words of Jesus and Mary" (Garden City, $1), by Fulton J. Sheen, who believes that "if a sufficient army of us said the Rosary every day, the Blessed Mother would now, as in the past, obtain from her Divine Son the stilling of the present tempests, the defeat of the enemies of human civilization, and a real peace in the hearts of tired and straying men." Here is "The Church and the Catholic and the Spirit of the Liturgy" (Sheed & Ward, $2.50), by Romano Guardini, who tells us that the Church, because it liberates man from "the tyranny of the temporal," is the "road to freedom" for everyone who lives in her; and that it is through the liturgy that a man's life is made one with the life of the Church. Here are "The Confessions of Jacob Boehme" and "The Spiritual Maxims of St. Francis de Sales" (Harper, $2.25 each). And "How to Know God" (Harper, $2.50), the Yoga aphorisms of Patanjali, translated with commentary by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood. Here is Roland H. Bainton's "The Church of Our Fathers" (Scribner's, $3), with 200 illustrations, an attractive book for youthful readers that recounts the stormy history of the Christian Church from its beginnings until now. And, finally, here is a beautiful, scholarly edition of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" (Cambridge, $5), with 3,450 variant readings, prepared by Jean-Jacques Denonain from manuscripts and early editions . . . "to believe only possibilities," wrote Browne, "is not faith, but mere philosophy." —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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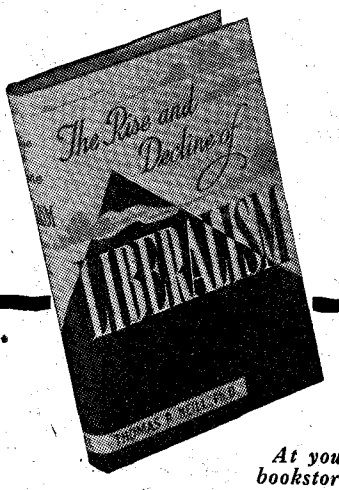

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Ah, Fla.

MIAMI BEACH.

ON nights when the cares of the North have evaporated with the warm air, and the mind is relaxed to the point of vacuousness, I sometimes dream a palm-tossed, air-conditioned dream of how it would be if Ponce de Leon sailed back to these shores for another look. For one thing, he would have the devil's own time making a landing, since nearly a solid wall of concrete and glass runs the twenty-five-mile stretch from Miami Beach north to Fort Lauderdale, and the chinks that still exist are being filled, steadily and relentlessly. A look at the fifteen-story pueblas that edge the silver strand of Miami Beach, a glance at the beach on a day that blooms clear and sunny, a peer at iron machines that clog Route 27 when the dobbins are running at Hialeah, would convince De Leon, the old searcher, that the Fountain of Youth had at last been found.

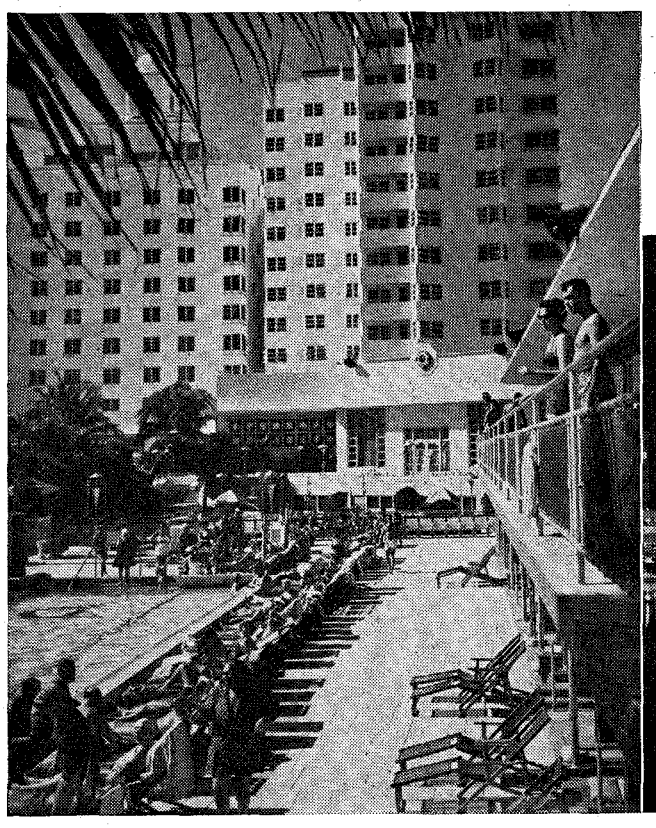
And he would not be wrong, for Florida has become the fountain of rejuvenation, and the castles to house the seekers after youth and health are rising like biscuits in the warm-oven temperatures. This has been what you might call a quiet year here along Miami Beach. There have been three new hotels with 463 rooms and 107 new apartment buildings with 973 units. That means there is room for 3,000 more people every night. The count is now up to 28,500 hotel rooms and 18,000 apartment units. Sixty new hotels have gone up since the war.

Artistically the year is noteworthy for the trend to bird cages in lobbies. It started with the Sans Souci some years back. The architect built a magnificent brass cage and suspended it between poles that ran from the floor to the ceiling. But in the end he was talked out of birds in favor of plants, which are easier to nurture and also not as noisy. But the new rakish Biltmore, which is the last hotel inside the city limits of Miami Beach, has eighteen cages, many of them filled with parakeets. The new Di Lido, a 350-room extravaganza sandwiched into an L-shaped plot, has a minimum of six lobby bird cages, three of them bird-filled, but then its black-and-white Venetian bar is fitted with stained-glass windows. As far as I can determine, the sleek new Sterling is the only place where the pickled pine panels have been sprinkled with silver dust.

The slow start of this year's season has been the cause for considerable nervousness along the beach, especially among the entrepreneurs who buy and sell hotels like stock certificates. True hotelmen, like the Jacobs brothers who run the Lord Tarleton, say the number of visitors is at least as large as in previous bountiful years, but there is just more room available. Such analysis has not deterred the building program, and a new 350-room inn is about to rise on the once-cloistered acreage of the Firestone estate.

NOT a little of the competition is coming from the rash of motels that has erupted on the beachfront area three to four miles north of the Miami Beach city limits. The appearance of such a formidable bloc on the immediate borders is causing the biggest Florida battle since the last uprising of the Seminoles, some years back. Like that other imbroglio, the object is to scalp the paleface. The new skirmish, however, is sort of limited to a jurisdictional dispute to decide who will get the privilege. The motels have hit the Miami Beach hotels where they are soft and vulnerable. One advertises "Come as you are," which implies that jewels and furs are not necessary equipment. The provision for free parking space in front of your living quarters releases the vacationer from walking the avenue of the outstretched palms each time he needs his automobile. Parking space is critical near the beachfront hotels, and among sports the proper tip to a doorman who parks a car and retrieves it is one dollar per park-and-retrieve.

In naming themselves the motels have invoked the sultry spirits of Maugham and Michener, for they are



Miami Beach—"artistically the year is noteworthy for the trend to bird cages in lobbies."

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called variously the Mandalay, Castaways, Tahiti, and Bali, not to mention such other adventurous handles as the Tangiers and the Suez. Most of them have ocean frontage, swimming pools, television, and neo-Hollywood architecture. The Driftwood Motel sports two live flamingos in its lobby, the Sahara has two stuffed camels by its driveway, one of them mounted with a stuffed Arab. And, nearby, a displaced establishment called the Old Sun Ranch, dispensing a somehow discordant theme, displays a giant wagon wheel that spins from the water that is dropped from the roof.

Whereas the motels advertise themselves "on Miami Beach," the Beach hotelmen point out that the drive-ins are really not in Miami Beach at all. They say the motelmen rent Miami Beach post-office boxes at something less than $3 a month, an inexpensive device for securing an expensive address. The hotelmen also say the motels are getting so fancy they are coming full circle and becoming in fact hotels again. Some motels insist on coats and ties in the dining room; others have doormen, one has sash-belted bell-hops, and there is even an establishment, called the Pan American, which restricts itself to a Christian clientele. Perhaps the most elaborate is the Sahara, which has, besides the usual accoutrements, its own yacht basin, water skiing, charter fishing boats, tennis courts, a putting green, and a children's play area. Its rates, at about $22 a day for an average bedroom, begin to approach the beachfront hotels, which get about $25 to $27 a day in the top of the season, from January 15 to March 15. A bedroom with an efficiency kitchen arrangement costs $26 a day now. Most other motels designed along more traditional drive-in lines charge about $14 a day for a double room during the height of the season, but you can figure on about half of the current rates in the summer.

To stay at a motel it is no longer necessary to come down from the North in one's own car, eating up six to eight days of valuable winter time in order to get a week of sun. With the arrival this season of new DC-7 aircraft equipped with Wright turbo-compound engines National Airlines has been able to clip the New York-Miami time to three-and-a-half hours. By notifying the reservations desk it is possible to have a drive-yourself car waiting for you at the airport entrance. Couture, a Florida company which will rent anything from a red Cadillac to a Henry J, uses mobile service stations to keep its cars gassed and oiled while they are on loan and permits you to drive

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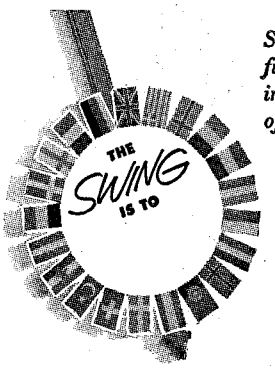

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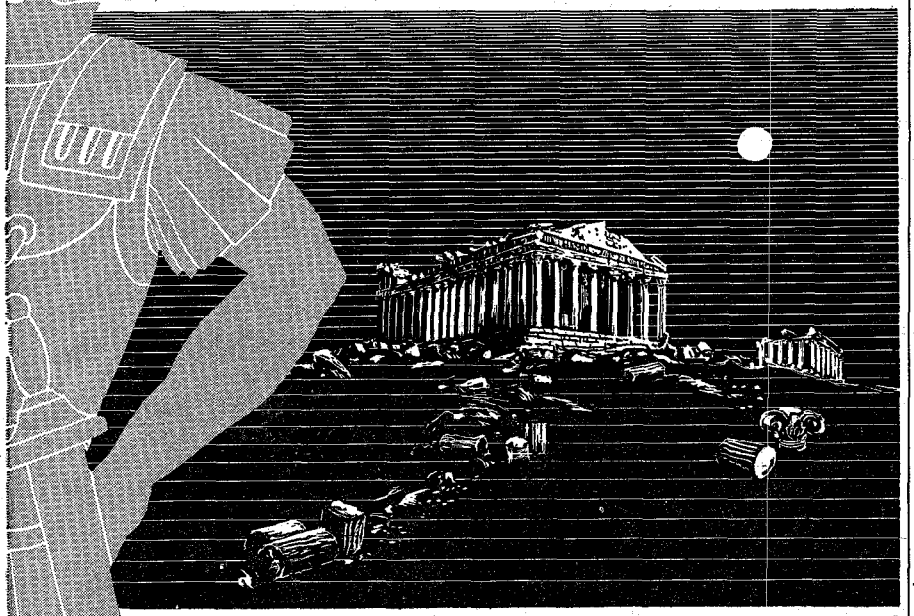

Athens, with the Acropolis bathed in moonlight . . . the Isle of Rhodes, where the blue Aegean sea mirrors cultured civilizations echoing back to 1,000 B.C. . . . Mount Olympus, towering majestically to its cloud-hidden summit where dwell the pagan gods. This is the Greece of yesteryear.

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to other Florida attractions on the way home so that you can pick up your flight at, say, St. Petersburg or Sarasota.

TO keep its latter-day De Leons in residence as long as possible Miami is offering enough attractions to beguile a visitor until deep into the spring. There are moonlight snapper fishing trips, Seminole villages to visit, all day drift-fishing in the Gulf Stream, parrot jungles, alligator farms, and chimpanzee playgrounds. One can go to Hialeah, a svelte race track, in just six-and-a-half minutes from the beach in a helicopter, or go looking for rare birds in the Everglades with the Audubon Society. Betty Hutton is exploding and Sophie Tucker is reminiscing on the same bill in a local nightclub; plastic flamingos for your lawn are a hot item on roadside stands, a twenty-one-year-old youngster named Joel Gray is packing the house at a beachfront hotel, and on the road up to Fort Lauderdale a store advertises "Key West driftwood originals, From the Factory to You." Down on the new pier alongside the Miami Beach dog track surf casters shout "Going Out!" before sending

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 556

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 556 will be found in the next issue.

MZ N PNU FNUUVQ

SDPDPODS QXD UNPDR

VZ WADNRNUQ

NFTLNMUQNUFDR, XD

ZVSYDQR QXD UNPDR VZ

OVSDR JMQX DTLNA

ZNFMAMQH.

—V. RXDWXNSE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 555

Conceit is such a small thing after all! Conceit is only mountain-high, world-wide, or ocean-deep!
—Thomas Wolfe.

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their lines spinning out into the sea, and the chubby amberjacks they pull in slap the new white concrete like wet towels on a locker-room floor. A sunburned young man in a handsome convertible rolls past Miami's International Airport with a girl and a Great Dane. Girl has her arm around boy, and the Great Dane stands on the back seat enjoying the balmy night air. Across the road the airplanes land less than four hours out of New York, where the temperature was five and the prospect was snow turning to sleet later in the day.

—Horace Sutton.

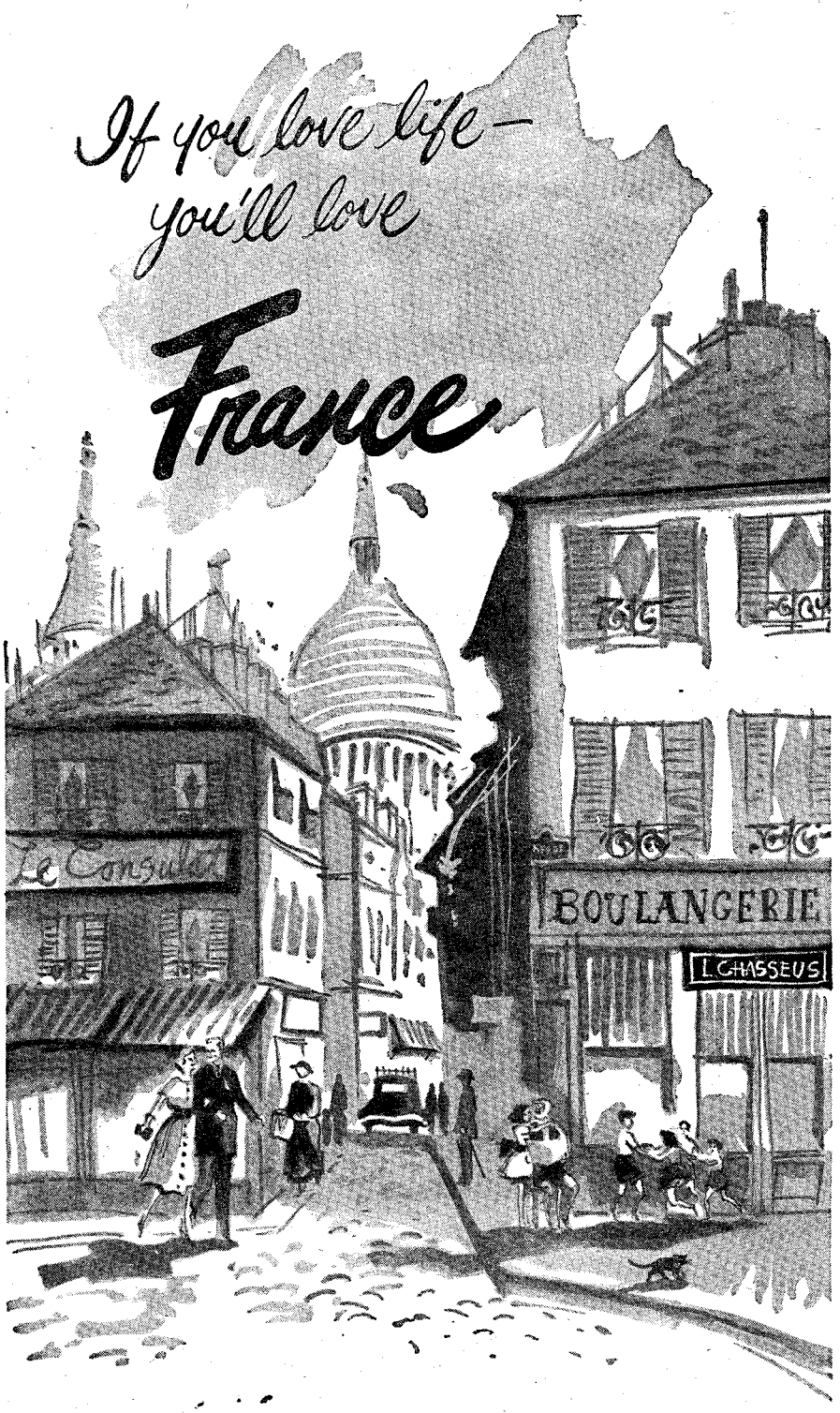
Traveler's Tales

KODAK CARAVAN: It is safe to say that **"Around the World in 1,000 Pictures"** (Doubleday, $7.50) is probably the first book that tries to be a sort of foreign guide using a minimum of words and a maximum of photographs. It is, in fact, nearly 450 pages of pictures, some snapshots, some fine photographs, covering just about every locale that is likely to know a tourist, and that includes Nicaragua and New Zealand and ten dozen points between. The wide world has been divided into a number of trips as they might be taken by travelers, so that the Caribbean islands get lumped together in one section, Scandinavia in another, the progression more or less following normal touring. Since the book is average size (as compared with outsized picture books) the photographs are perforce rather small. Except for the color pages which are scattered here and there the pictures have been printed by offset and are dull in finish and clear in quality. The color is printed on glossy paper and, although it has an overall yellow quality, it comes across quite well. As for the photo subjects, you can find everything from a San Blas Indian to a lagoon in County Cork. Fortunately, the editors have avoided the common fault in picture books of choosing photographs which have been taken only when the scene is barren of people. A. Milton Runyan and Vilma

Solution of last week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1037)

P. B. NOYES:
MY FATHER'S HOUSE

The sincerity of the preachment and practice of Perfectionism in the Oneida Community was partially confirmed also by its effect on the children. . . . God seemed rather terrible, but a friend of the Community. . . . I felt surrounded by good people.



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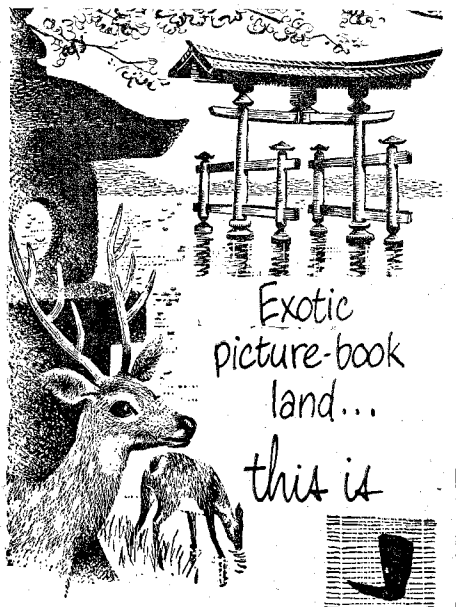

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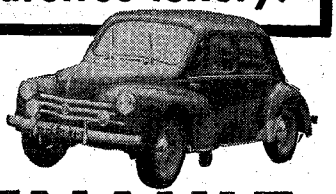

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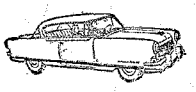

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Bergane, in editing the book, have chosen pictures that show life. As Richard Joseph says in his foreword, they are photographs that might have been taken by almost any traveler with a fairly good comprehension of photography. If anything, the pictures are just straightforward snapshots, and although there is a smattering of good credit lines—among them, Cartier-Bresson, Konstantin Kostitch, and Capa—the vast majority of the illustrations have been borrowed from airlines, government travel promotion offices, and other publicity origins. They are the type that you might see in the Sunday travel section of a newspaper, tempting to be sure, but not necessarily photographically artistic. The captions borrow from the travel-folder school: "Sunny Italy is a Paradise on Earth," "Vale of Kashmir is a Garden Spot," to quote just two. The short takes of text tell you in fairly general terms how to get there, and the cut lines tell you in a handful of words about the customs of the land. While the technique is not altogether novel, it has been successful in bringing out the travelers all these years, and I must say it does serve to stoke the urge to hit the road.

CARIBBEAN HANDBOOK: A solid, catch-all guide to the Caribbean has been a long time overdue, but the need has finally been met by Lawrence and Sylvia Martin in **"The Standard Guide to Mexico and the Caribbean"** (Funk and Wagnalls, $4.95). The authors, or perhaps it was the publishers, have adopted the format perfected by Fielding at least as far as the typographical layout is concerned. The book is shaped to pocket size if you have big pockets, and the things you ought to know about—history, hotels, restaurants, and what to do—are all under bold-face headlines, easy to find. Sometimes, however, the editing has gone a little sloppy, for if you turn to Varadero you'll find it dismissed in five lines, whereas two pages of information about the resort are listed under "Outside Havana." These small lapses aside, the Martins have collected an altogether accurate encyclopedia of information of the sort the modern traveler seeks about Mexico and very nearly all the Caribbean islands where a hotel and a tourist program exist. There are no pulled punches here, and one is grateful for the absence of that total subjective reporting that exists in similar guides on Europe. If anything, the Martins on occasion seem to exhibit a "Well, please me" attitude as they make their way through the sun belt. This attitude seems particularly to have cropped up in the Cuba section, although even moving on to Haiti one finds such passages as, "The cuisine of the Ibo Lélé is given good marks, particularly for the onion pie." However, the result will all probably be to the user's good, filtering out all but the most desirable hotels, restaurants, and sights to see from Trinidad across to Acapulco. —H. S.

One of the Sidhe

By Mary Kennedy

LET her rest,
Winged, wild thing
Blown on the storm.
Do not fear
Her wide sad eyes,
Her lightning glances.
Have you never heard
Of a creature lost in air
Drawn by a flame?
Watch!
She moves to the fire
Grateful, meek.
Blow on her fingers
Frozen with cold!
Her heart is colder.
If you are gentle
Perhaps she will speak,
If you are kind
She may forget sorrow.
Let her rest now
She will be gone tomorrow.
When morning comes
She will fade into mist.
Only for this night
Has she need of shelter.
Guard your heart well,
She will try to surprise,
To bewitch, to bind,
To take it with a spell,
With an ember and an ash,
For she could be cured
By its strength,
Of all she has endured.
Pity will not hold her,
Only love could change her
Into simple woman.
You are not in danger
If she leaves unkissed.

Green in her eyes,
Bronze in her hair.
Do you see the flash
Of fool's fire there?
It is such a light
As lures a man to doom . . .
But you are safe, my darling,
In your little room.

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT. By Sidney Hyman. Harper & Bros. $4. A scholarly study of the job of President of the United States, as it was, and is.

ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, AND MINERAL. By Babette Deutsch. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75. A new collection of verse, built along slimmer and sleeker lines than she has used before, by a competent, and deservedly well-established American poet.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 1,000 PICTURES. Edited by A. Milton Runyon and Vilma F. Bergane. Doubleday & Co. $7.50. A collection of a thousand photographs of the world, for the traveler and daydreamer, with work by Robert Capa, Cartier-Bresson, Herbert List, Kostich, and Charles Perry Weimer. There are also ten full-page maps by Rafael Palacios.

AUTUMN OF LIBERTY. By Paul Harvey. Hanover House. $2. A tract, by a Chicago newcaster, about the ever-encroaching spread of Communism on the remaining free world.

THE BOOK OF FAMOUS ESCAPES. Edited by Eric Williams. W. W. Norton & Co. $4.95. A generous winnowing of escape stories taken from some 200 books, reaching as far back as a seventeenth-century escape from the Tower of London, moving up through every war you can think of, and ending with World War II, where escape had become a highly distillated business.

BORN A YANKEE. By Grace Carstens. The Macmillan Co. $3. A novel, cut from the same darkwood that structured Eugene O'Neill's New England plays, about the last member of a Yankee family—a girl, who should have been a boy—who spends most of her life in bondage to a Murdstone of a father, while possible escape, in the form of various suppliants, floats forever past her window on bitter-cold east winds.

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS. By Elmore Leonard. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2. A Western bouquet about an Apache chief who flees his reservation, a young West Point-fresh cavalry lieutenant who is assigned to track him down, a cowardly cavalry colonel, and an Indian scout.

BREAKTHROUGH ON THE COLOR FRONT. By Lee Nichols. Random House. $3.50. A detailed *cahier* on the Army's recent reversal of policy on the question of segregation of white and colored troops.

THE CASE OF MRS. SURRATT. By Guy W. Moore. University of Oklahoma Press. $3. A review of the controversial case of Mary E. Surratt, the Washington, D.C., boardinghouse landlady who was convicted of conspiracy in the assassination of Lincoln, and hanged in July 1865.

CHINA TRADER. By A. H. Rasmussen. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.95. The memoirs of a man who has seen plenty. The jack handle for Mr. Rasmussen's adventures was a job, taken in 1905, in Shanghai, with the British Customs Service.

CROCODILE FEVER. By Lawrence Earl. Alfred A. Knopf. $4. The story of Bryan Herbert Dempster, who sounds like a schoolteacher, but is, instead, a crocodile hunter—at night, with head lamp and rifle—who plied his trade in South Africa, before he got in trouble with the authorities and sailed for England, where he told his tale to Mr. Earl.

THE CROWN AND THE PEOPLE: 1902-1953. By the Duke of Windsor. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50. Some random thoughts on monarchy and what sustains it in England by the Duke of Windsor, interspersed with his memories of crowned heads he has known in the past fifty years.

LOVE BADE ME WELCOME. By John Lodwick. Roy Publishers. $3. A rapscallious tale about the investigator Cassell, who this time seeks out, and finds out, the murderer of a mistress of a wealthy English shipowner.

THE MANNER IS ORDINARY. By John La Farge. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.75. An autobiography by the brother of Oliver and Christopher, and a son of the painter John. *This* LaFarge, Newport-born and Harvard-bred, is one of the leading figures in the American Catholic hierarchy, has been editor of the *Catholic Review*, a great traveler, and the friend of such as Henry James, Henry Adams, Santayana, and Jan Masaryk.

THE MIND ALIVE. By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. The first collaboration, in writing anyway, by the author of "The Mature Mind" (Harry) and the author of "Understanding Fear" (Bonaro), who are, of course, man and wife, and who have here put together a testament about the healthy mind in a cracked world.

MORE WATER FOR TEXAS. By Walter Prescott Webb. University of Texas Press. $2.75. An outline of a plan to reclaim for agricultural purposes the near-dry southwestern portion of Texas, by the famous historian of the American West.

MR. TWINING. By Timothy Angus Jones. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A light-winded English novel about a forty-five-year-old English schoolmaster who goes vacationing in the south of France, runs out of money, works as a tutor for a rich man, falls incredibly into bed with his (the rich man's) sixteen-year-old daughter, and finally is brought to his usually serene senses by his headmaster and patron.

NEW SHORT NOVELS. Edited by Mary Louise Aswell. Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $2.75. Paperbound, 35¢. A collection of four previously unpublished short novels by Shelby Foote, Elizabeth Etnier, Clyde Miller, and Jean Stafford, which deal, respectively, with a jazzman, a young urban couple, a youngster mixed up with adults, and an embittered lady reviewing a lost love of her youth.

PERSONAL COLUMN. By Anonymous. Roy Publishers. $3. A collection of seven stories told in the first person by seven different ex-criminals about their various pasts. The experiences were elicited by an ad run in the London *Times* that read: "Publisher seeks gentleman who no longer pursues criminal activities, anonymity guaranteed."

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US. By Herbert Gold. World Publishing Co. $3.50. A first novel, part of which ran in a number of *New World Writing*, dealing with the rise and fall of a small man, who, in this case, happens to be the owner and operator of a rather shabby hotel in Cleveland.

RINEHART'S GARDEN LIBRARY. Edited by W. W. Goodpasture. Rinehart & Co. $1.50 each. **Small Fruits,** by Ralph E. Barker; **Lawns,** by John D. Bernard; **Evergreens,** by L. L. Kumlein; **Annuals,** by Ann Roe Robbins; **Roses,** by Roy E. Shepherd; and **Vegetables,** by Jack M. Swartout. All of these form a new series of practical green-thumb books for the amateur.

SHARK! By P. FitzGerald O'Connor. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. The adventures of a Scotch shark fisherman who hunts not with a knife, but a harpoon.

SUPREME COURT AND SUPREME LAW. Edited by Edmond Cahn. Indiana University Press. $4. Six essays, by four professors of law, an assistant dean of the N. Y. U. Law School, and a lay lawyer, on the history and theory of the U. S. Supreme Court.

THE *TIRPITZ*. By David Woodward. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. The *Tirpitz*, you will recall, was the monstrous German battleship that played disastrous jacks, at her own convenience, with Allied shipping in the last war for too long. This is a history of the ship, and of the great German ships like her.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH. By Will R. Bird. Bouregy & Curl. $3. A novel about a loyalist and his family and loves during the American Revolution.

UNITED STATES DESTROYER OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II. By Theodore Roscoe. United States Naval Institute. $10. A history of the U. S. Navy's destroyers and their part in World War II, told in text and over 400 photographs, drawings, diagrams, and battle charts. A companion volume to "U. S. Submarine Operations in World War II."

—W. B.

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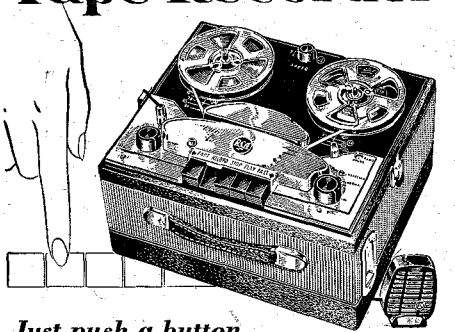

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(. . . Except Lincoln's Wife)

Continued from page 12

Herndon] and I was the little one." As to the "confidential capacity," the junior partner repeatedly said that Lincoln did not confide in him, that he was the "most reticent & mostly secretive man that ever existed," and that he (Herndon) had to read Lincoln's "secrets" in his face and actions and in what he did not do or say. So far Mrs. Lincoln's statements are borne out.

WHAT did Mrs. Lincoln think of Herndon's Ann Rutledge story? This letter to Judge Davis gives full answer: "As you justly remark, each & every one has had a little romance in their early days—but as my husband was *truth itself,* and as he always assured me, he had cared for no one but myself, . . . I shall assuredly remain firm in my conviction that *Ann Rutledge is a myth*—for in all his confidential communications such a romantic name was never breathed. . . ."

Lincoln had known Ann and her family well, having boarded for a time at the Rutledge Tavern. Ann was engaged to a good friend of his, John McNamar, whom Lincoln called "Mack." When Ann died Lincoln showed deep depression, and some conjectured that since he grieved he might have been in love with her. There is no contemporary evidence that there was any romance between Lincoln and Ann. But what Mrs. Lincoln objected to was not the suggestion that Lincoln, before he knew her, had been in love with Ann (doubtful as that is to those who have examined the "evidence"), but Herndon's psychoanalytic inference that this conjectured love had profoundly affected Lincoln's whole life and that he had not known happiness with the woman he married.

Mrs. Lincoln had the memory of all their intimate and devoted years together as she continued: "Nor did his life or his joyous laugh lead one to suppose his heart was in any unfortunate woman's grave—but in the proper place with his loved wife & children." She thought the Lincoln-Rutledge romance a "myth," and myth or legend is exactly what scholars call it today. It is not authentic history.

The newspaper printing of this letter had several misreadings. Mrs. Lincoln was made to refer to Herndon's "maundering mind" when, as a photograph of the original letter shows, she plainly wrote "*wandering* mind." Some articles in presenting the letter contained this accompanying comment: "Mrs. Lincoln, when she visited her husband's office, gathered her skirts tightly around her and passed Herndon without speaking. She made the mistake of her life. If she had only spoken to him, she would probably never have heard of Ann Rutledge."

This is another example of making an unsubstantiated assertion and then treating it as an established fact. One finds no contemporary evidence that Mrs. Lincoln ever refused to speak to Herndon while he and her husband practised law together. All the indications are that their relations, though distant, were civil. Furthermore, Herndon's papers contain a most gracious and friendly letter which Mrs. Lincoln wrote him several months before he exploded the bomb of his Ann Rutledge lecture. In this letter she cordially agreed to help him with his biography of Lincoln by meeting him and answering questions about her husband, a very painful thing for her to do.

That graphic picture of Mrs. Lincoln gathering her long full skirts tightly around her can be plausibly imagined. The office floor was notoriously dirty and the fact that Herndon's teeth were stained with tobacco suggests certain unsanitary possibilities. As to the last sentence in the quoted passage, there is excellent justification for believing that Herndon's hatred of Mrs. Lincoln influenced his promotion of the Ann Rutledge legend.

In this letter to Judge Davis, Mrs. Lincoln made some mistakes in her digits as to ages and dates. But if posterity had sized up the untrustworthiness of Herndon's effusions on the alleged Lincoln-Rutledge romance as well as she did it would have a much truer picture of Lincoln's personal life.

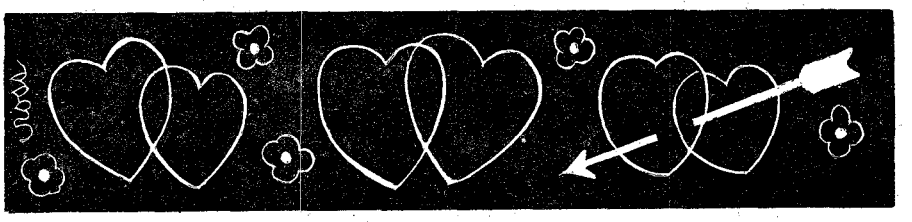
The same tendency to hostile interpretation was shown in March 1951, when six or eight new letters of Mrs. Lincoln were uncovered. They were addressed to Abram Wakeman, a New York politician whom Lincoln first appointed postmaster and later surveyor of the port of New York. Wakeman was a genial and winning man who worked earnestly for Lincoln's re-election in 1864; he and the President exchanged a number of letters.

Any politician who supported her husband was regarded with favor by Mrs. Lincoln. She also had a personality that responded to and valued pleasant friendships. It was her habit to write chatty letters to a number of politicians giving them the news of what was going on in Washington and discussing with them the maneuvers of politics. She took a dramatic delight in treating small details of political intrigue as important secrets, using mysterious initials instead of full names, and throwing in a confidential "entre nous" or "just between us."

It was a dangerous game for a woman who was impulsive, outspoken, and lacking in balanced consideration. The time came in her life when she realized her folly in dabbling in what she call "that *sea of trouble* (politics)" and she said with simple truth that she had meant only to help her husband.

The full contents of the six or eight letters of Mrs. Lincoln to Wakeman were not made public. What was given out were curiosity-arousing quotations containing mysterious bits such as "Mr. and Mrs. B.," "Mr. W.," and "all this is between ourselves." To understand these quotations fully might require a detailed knowledge of the small intricacies of New York politics at the time. An obvious guess is that "Mr. B." was James Gordon Bennett (to whom Mrs. Lincoln also wrote letters) and "Mr. W." Thurlow Weed.

The news of these letters being found was followed by various articles which bristled with dark insinuations as to the "secret" of Abraham Lincoln's wife and "the secret worry that led to confinement of Mrs. Lincoln to an insane asylum." There were references to the "intriguing tale" and "the mystery man," and these budding suggestions flowered into a hint that Mrs. Lincoln had had a romance with Wakeman. A lady was quoted as saying that her mother once saw a letter which Mrs. Lincoln wrote Wakeman which said: "I have taken your excellent advice and decided not to leave my husband while he is in the White House." This is a secondhand account of a memory of something once read, shaky evidence indeed, yet even if the words are correctly quoted there is nothing sinister about them. Those who know how Mary Lincoln



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worried over her husband's health, especially late in the Presidency, and how she lived in deadly fear of his assassination find these words understandable—she was to stay close by him to watch over him. But that "leave my husband" received the worst interpretation.

The letters to Abram Wakeman have not at this writing been made public. But, apparently unknown to the writers of the insinuating articles, two letters of Mrs. Lincoln are available which bring her friendship with Wakeman into sharp focus. We have in full a letter which she wrote him in March 1865. She used the form of address that a proper Victorian lady would: "Hon. Mr. Wakeman. My Dear Sir." She was sending him, she said, "a rather pleasant photograph of my little Taddie"; she thought his children would be interested in it. She continued: "I am most happy to say, that my blessed Husband's health has much improved." Her anxiety about Lincoln's physical condition permeates most of her letters at this time. She told Mr. Wakeman that the President and herself were going down to the military front "(entre nous)" adding "I gladly seize on any change that will benefit him." She referred to "Mr. B." and to "W." and mentioned going to the opera with her husband and Senator Sumner where they "had a very gay little time." Senator Sumner was another man in public life to whom Mrs. Lincoln wrote many friendly, pleasant, and confidential letters similar to this one.

ANOTHER letter, written by Mary Lincoln when she was a widow, tells about Wakeman and something she expected from him. To understand it one must know the nature of her so-called "insanity." Though normal and very intelligent in most respects Mrs. Lincoln was irrational on one subject: she could not think straight in matters that pertained to money. This abnormality manifested itself in a fixed conviction that she was in dire poverty while at the same time she had a psychopathic urge to extravagant buying. Psychiatrists today understand that a person can be "off" on one topic and fully normal in others.

A sad result of her buying mania was a woeful burden of debts that plagued her after her husband's death. In this situation her distorted reasoning grasped at the idea that politicians who had received good appointments from Lincoln should assist her financially. This explains why we find her writing to W. H. Brady, a New York broker, in the fall of 1867 that Wakeman had received a "lucrative office" from Lincoln "from which he has amassed a very large fortune," and, therefore, "he will assist me in my painful and humiliating situation, scarcely removed from want." She was convinced it was his duty to help her in return for "the many favors my husband and myself always showered upon him." Some friends did extend relief, and it is possible Wakeman was among them. Exploring her relation to this man we have uncovered a proper friendship and the pitiful story of Mrs. Lincoln's breakdown. To suggest that she was faithless to the husband around whom her life revolved and that she had a guilty "secret" is a cruel and baseless fabrication.

Abraham Lincoln loved his wife devotedly. His love was written into his affectionate letters to her, letters in which he tells her how he misses her, expresses his worry over her headaches and his anxiety that she should not overdo, and speaks of the small details of what he was doing, the little things a husband relates to his wife at the end of a day. His devotion was apparent in his seeking of her company in those all too few moments of relaxation during the Presidency. It was revealed in his pathetic pleas to her sisters to stay with her in the White House when she was breaking under grief and strain. It was shown by the light in his eyes as they followed her in the great East Room during Presidential receptions, that telltale shining which a man turns only upon the woman who fills his life. A friend devoted to them both described this expression: "The *pleasing look* of *Abraham Lincoln*—for *her whom he so loved.*"

Afflicted Mary Lincoln gave her husband her last full measure of devotion. Lincoln stands for us today as a symbol of fairmindedness, of justice, of truth, of humanitarianism, of consideration for the rights and dignity of the individual. "With malice toward none," were his words. When will the public show toward the wife he loved an attitude free from borrowed malice?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Sawdust Caesar," by George Seldes. 2. "Study in Power," by Allan Nevins. 3. "Disturber of the Peace," by William Manchester. 4. "The Builder," by Philip Dorf. 5. "The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener. 6. "Yankee from Olympus," by Catherine Bowen. 7. "The Great Man," by Howard Swiggett. 8. "Good Night, Sweet Prince," by Gene Fowler. 9. "Man of Fire," by MacKinley Helm. 10. "Prince of Players," by Eleanor Ruggles.

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A SAINT AND A PATRIOT

IT IS great fun to have a distinguished new picture book to send to the lady of your choice on St. Valentine's Day. Katherine Milhous has used the old Pennsylvania Dutch designs for the valentine that Appolonia painted in water color, taking her pattern from her mother's Rising Sun quilt. It forms the jacket cover of this book, and in color and design it is original and beautiful. For adults who have a grain of sentiment left in them it is fun to celebrate St. Valentine's Day by rereading parts of Gwen Raverat's delightful "Period Piece," especially the first part, in which Miss Maud DuPuy comes from America to make her debut in English society and has her first encounter with the amazing Darwin brothers.

In preparing to celebrate George Washington's birthday this reviewer turned proudly to her copy of the limited edition, signed by the author-artist, of Robert Lawson's "Mr. Revere and I." Scheherazade, Mr. Revere's horse, in spite of her Royalist tendencies, was tremendously impressed by General Washington: "A splendid tall man, beautifully uniformed, he looked every inch a great soldier and leader," she tells us. "Even spoke admiringly of me, looking me over with much interest, for he was a great lover of horses." Sherry, as she was affectionately called by the Revere family, was of course a snob. But she was an intelligent snob. She profited by observation and experience. When the time came for that famous ride she was as good a patriot as Mr. Hitchcock and Samuel Adams. As we observe the Boston Tea Party and the "embattled farmers" through Sherry's eyes we see them in a new light. Boys and girls who love horses will be thrilled when they come to her conversion:

> In a great blinding flash I knew that I would die rather than exchange my new-found liberty for that old prisonlike existence I had once thought so glorious. I was a free horse! I was a Colonial! I was a Patriot, my life dedicated to the ideals of liberty and freedom!

What Sherry would have made of Abraham Lincoln we hesitate to think. It was probably wise of Time not to make them contemporaries.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

—Illustrations by Robert Lawson, for "Mr. Revere and I."

APPOLONIA'S VALENTINE. By Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $2.

The lovely designs on the jacket cover of this book introduce us to the traditional valentines of the Pennsylvania Dutch. There are sturdiness and strength in the drawings of Appolonia and Dan and their little red schoolhouse. But Appolonia's mouth turned down when Miss Landis, the teacher, suggested making cut-paper valentines. It was a tradition, and some of the cut-paper designs were very beautiful, but Appolonia had clumsy fingers, which refused to make these delicate valentines. Appolonia longed to paint. She knew that if she had a paint-box she could make a beautiful and original valentine of her own. So she took all the eggs laid by her pullets, week after week, and sold them in the market, until she had enough money to buy the paint-box and the set of brushes and a bag of candy for Dan beside. Even then it was hard for her to decide what design to use in her painted valentine until one day the sun shone through the window full on Mum's Rising Sun quilt. Here was a beautiful design for a valentine. So when the day came to exhibit all the cut-out valentines Apple's valentine held the place of honor in the very center of the blackboard. Apple sent it to the little French boy. In the very center she wrote, "To Jean-Jacques. From my house to your house." Like "The Egg Tree," this is a distinguished picture-book.

THE HIGHLY TRAINED DOGS OF PROFESSOR PETIT. By Carol Ryrie Brink. Illustrated by Robert Henneberger. New York: The Macmillan Company. 139 *pp.* $2.50.

The author of "Caddie Woodlawn" tells here a lively, amusing story of the rivalry between Professor Petit's

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highly-trained dogs and the Black Hoskin Circus, which boasted it had a live tiger. It also had a very bad-tempered dog named Brutus. The lure of the tiger was too much for the people of Puddling Center. Professor Petit's dogs were neglected and were obliged to seek other work to earn their porridge and bacon. The hero of the story is a nice boy named Willie who had to work so hard to earn his board and lodging that he couldn't even go to school. Willie discovered Professor Petit and the dogs and their little green caravan in a field on the outskirts of the town, and from then on became their friend and champion. Rufus, the cleverest of the dogs, so clever that he could articulate a whole sentence and spell words from block letters, herded sheep for his living and then tragedy befell them. One morning three of the farmer's sheep were discovered dead, with their throats torn open, and Rufus and Professor Petit were put in jail. But in a dramatic court scene Rufus disclosed that it was Brutus, not he, who had killed the sheep, and Tip the youngest of the dogs made the startling revelation that the famous tiger was nothing but a fake. He was Brutus himself dressed up in an ancient tiger skin. The story ends happily with the Black Hoskin Circus leaving town hurriedly, pursued by the police. The money that in their haste they left behind them is given to the farmer to make up for the loss of his sheep. Willie becomes assistant to Professor Petit, traveling with him and the dogs and gaining, we are sure, a liberal education from the gentle, learned professor.

We wish that the illustrator could have given the five dogs more of their charm and humor. They are delightful in the story but not as effective in the drawings.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND. By Elinor O'Brien. With an introduction by Padraic Colum. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 115 *pp.* $2.75.

In his informing foreword Padraic Colum says: "The country she writes about is a new state, or rather a pair of new states that came into existence in her own time. This, I believe, is the first book dealing with that new Ireland to come before outside readers." This is, we feel, an important point in this excellent new history of the Irish people. Elinor O'Brien tells us enough of the past, the culture, and the traditions of Ireland to give it its own atmosphere. Her two chapters on the Islands of the West are particularly good. But the main value of this new volume in the portraits of the Nations Series is its fine presentation of Ireland as we find it today. The book includes a series of beautiful photographs, and has a full index.

—By Robert Henneberger, for "The Highly Trained Dogs of Professor Petit."

THE STORY OF LOCKS. Written and illustrated by Walter Buehr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 45 *pp.* $2.

The first chapter of this handsome book is called "The Caveman Invents the Door." The last sentence describes the modern air-conditioning system now a part of the vaults. In between we have the full story of man's ingenuity in safeguarding his possessions, including his family. It is a very interesting tale, generously illustrated with pictures of the various types of locks and bolts. It is, as far as we know, the first book for children to deal with this subject.

DAVID FARRAGUT, SAILOR. By Ferdinand Reyher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 238 *pp.* $3.

This factual story of the boyhood and young manhood of America's first admiral is exciting enough to fascinate any boy who loves adventure. David Farragut was a midshipman at the age of ten, and in command of a ship at the ripe age of twelve. It is an unusually fine biography by a man who has seen a great deal of the world and has an enthusiastic admiration for his subject.

THE MAN WHO CHANGED CHINA: The Story of Sun Yat-sen. By Pearl Buck. Illustrated by Fred Castellon. New York: Random House. 185 *pp.* $1.50.

This latest of the Landmark Series tells the tale of the man who gave his whole life to the task of making China one nation. Pearl Buck has told it so well that, intricate as the story is, it becomes clear and wholly appealing.

STORY LIVES OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS. Revised Edition, 1953. *By Katharine Little Bakeless. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* 292 *pp.* $3.50.

This series of short biographies of American composers which has been of great value to schools and public libraries, as well as in the home, has been completely revised to tell the full story of American composers. There are new chapters on men like Richard Rodgers, Charles Ives, and Samuel Barber. In the back is a valuable list of representative records.

STORY LIVES OF MASTER ARTISTS. Revised Edition, 1953. *By Anna Curtis Chandler. With twenty-three reproductions from paintings. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* 255 *pp.* $3.75.

This is a new one-volume edition that tells the story of twenty of the artists who appeared in Miss Chandler's earlier book. The reproductions of the famous paintings are unusually fine. It includes a complete bibliography.

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The Film Forum

ONE WORLD | *The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Selected 16mm Sound Films

WORLD WITHOUT END (55 min.). Produced for UNESCO by Basil Wright. Distributed for rental and purchase by Brandon Films, 200 West 57 St., New York 19, N. Y. Also available to theatrical and television bookings.

When war was declared to be at an end in 1945 peace was the thought and hope of most of the world's people. Among the many plans for peacetime construction there was the good use to which motion picture could be put. It had helped win the war; it would win an even better peace. In our 16mm catalogues many wartime and prewar titles were cleared away to make room for a new crop of postwar documentaries on domestic and international problems. Very few films have come along, in the nine intervening years, to fill either category. We have had, instead, an overflow of mental health documentaries produced in the U.S. and films on art subjects produced in Europe.

Now from Europe, and in a sense from Asia and North America too, comes a motion picture which is the most vibrant and emphatic statement yet made on film about our postwar world. Produced under the sponsorship of the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization, "World Without End" brings to light not only the work of that agency but also such other U.N. affiliates as UNICEF, WHO, and FAO. It was photographed on opposite sides of the earth, in Mexico and in Thailand. The Mexican sections were directed by Paul Rotha, whose earlier worlds ("World of Plenty" 1945, and "The World Is Rich" 1948) were at best stirring and thought-provoking, yet generally fragmentary and unintegrated. The Thailand scenes were in the hands of Basil Wright, whose beautiful "Song of Ceylon" has provided vital stimulation to the entire film world since it was released in 1935.

If these two veterans of the documentary had set out to compete with each other they could not have supplied a more exquisite collection of shots and sequences. There is beauty, unsurpassed beauty, in every face and form, in every feature of the landscape. Yet there are problems about finding audiences for the film, at least in the U.S. "It is a really beautiful film," said one educator who recently previewed it at the EFLA regional meeting in New York, "but what kinds of groups would you show it to?" No one gave him a satisfactory answer, and the only recommendation I can make is that he show it to groups who like to look at really beautiful films.

But this is side-stepping the issue. There are many problems about this "World Without End." First of all, it is long and it is slow. For these reasons it is not getting the theatrical and TV showings deserved by a film of its stature. Second, the film leaps like a wild animal from Mexico to Thailand, and back and forth, giving the bewildering impression that people and problems are somewhat alike all around the globe. Third, in "World Without End" problems are all contiguous—illiteracy, disease, poor land, fear, isolation, despondency run into each other without our being able to see exactly where one begins or one ends. We in this country tend to want everything condensed and arranged geographically in separate subject categories for our convenience.

Aside from its pictorial splendor (Carlos Carbajol and Adrian Jeakins did most of the camera work) there is a considerable amount to be said in the film's favor. I enjoyed the music that helps hold the pictures together: the Tarascon folk songs (inexpertly recorded) and the more sophisticated Oriental melodies. The reality of the film, if static and slow, is still impressive.

It shows the encouraging work of the Latin American Fundamental Education Center at Patzcuaro, of WHO and UNICEF medical teams in a remote Thai village, of FAO-sponsored experiments in new agricultural techniques. But for all this information, there is no didacticism in the film. There are, however, a great deal of love and compassion, rare ingredients in the movies of this decade. One person who has seen the film told me she had decided, because of the sequence on curing yaws in a Thai village, to make a will leaving half her money to UNICEF, which sponsors the activity. "I have no dependents," she said, "but this film has reminded me that it's time I made a will. I'd like to leave half of my savings to my brother, and the other half to further this health work with the children." One such reaction is worth a thousand opinions. One such reaction shows in a flash how powerfully movies can influence the emotions and actions of persons at all sensitive.

Because of the irregular virtues of "World Without End" and since 16mm projection also has its irregularities, I suggest your showing "World Without End" under the best possible conditions—large screen, pitch-dark room, well-regulated sound, and a well-oriented audience. "World Without End" is an important film, with many defects and many virtues. —CECILE STARR.

* For rentals consult the list of *SR* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

16mm Notes

"LATUKO": To answer several inquiries about its availability, "Latuko" [*SR* Nov. 21, Dec. 19] is distributed on 16mm and 35mm by Producers Representatives, Inc., 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N.Y. The film was produced by Edgar M. Queeny and the American Museum of Natural History.

* * *

MENTAL HEALTH FILMS: Last month's article on "The American Scene" [*SR* Jan. 9] failed to point out that five of the twenty films selected for the current Museum of Modern Art showing were produced under the auspices of the Mental Health Film Board. This organization came into existence in 1949 and is already responsible for the production of about a dozen important films relating to mental health problems. Mrs. Alberta Jacoby is the Board's executive secretary.

* * *

NEW BOOK: A 270-page volume entitled "Films in Psychiatry, Psychology, and Mental Health" has recently been published by the Health Education Council in New York ($6). In large part it is a collection of evaluations of forty-two films, written from the professional viewpoint. Many of the films are familiar to *SR* readers—"Angry Boy," "Feeling of Rejection," "Out of Tune," "Fears of Children"—while others have more limited medical use, such as "Narcosynthesis," the Mental Symptoms Series, "Psychsomatic Disorders." Nothing so detailed as these reviews has been published hitherto, and one does feel from page to page the scraping of an exceedingly fine-toothed comb. The book was authored by the late Adolf Nichtenhauser, M.D., Marie Coleman (of Biofilms), and David S. Ruhe, M.D. (now at the University of Kansas).

* * *

AWARDS: "The Conquest of Everest" has won this year's Robert J. Flaherty-City College award as the outstanding documentary production. Special awards were given to Edward R. Murrow's television production "Argument in Indianapolis" in the See It Now Series and to George Stoney's "All My Babies" [*SR* June 13]. Honorable mentions went to Joseph Krumgold's "And Now—Miguel" and to two Marshall Plan films, "Houen Zo!" and "Shoot the Nets" by Van Der Horst. Only one of the films, "All My Babies," is in current 16mm distribution—and it is restricted to use by medical and health groups.

—C. S.

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Ideas and Men

Continued from page 17

form a seventeenth-century translation which served the scholar's needs but not the layman's. Furthermore, his superbly organized and written historical introduction reveals the full significance of the "Dialogue" in speaking out against the blind acceptance of authority with evidence based upon observations and experiments. At the age of seventy Galileo was forced to recant, repeat the seven penitential Psalms once a week for three years, and keep quiet for the rest of his life. The sentencing of Galileo, in all its indignity and injustice (it hinged upon the "evidence" of a forged document), marked "the end of the whole scientific movement in Italy." The civilization "which had carried the world since the thirteenth century vanished from history." But modern science itself was launched, as investigators in England, Germany, and other countries began building on Galileo's results.

—JOHN PFEIFFER.

RUSSIAN THOUGHT: The Western mind, even one trained in philosophy, ordinarily owns a vast ignorance of Russian thought. Apart from the Marxist thinkers of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries, most of us know almost nothing of the history of philosophy in Russia. While this situation itself is worth a comment, it is even more surprising to learn that an identical state of affairs obtains in Russia. Indeed, until the publication of V. V. Zenkovsky's **"A History of Russian Thought"** (translated by George L. Kline, Columbia University Press, 2 vols., $15) in Paris in 1948 there was no full-scale history of Russian philosophy in the Russian language. We are especially fortunate to have these two volumes also in English.

The author, who is a professor at the Orthodox Theological Seminary in Paris and a priest in the Russian Church, explains at the outset that independent creative activity in philosophy did not begin in Russia until the middle of the eighteenth century. By independence he means freedom from both political and theological domination, a freedom won in the West as early as Descartes. By the end of the eighteenth century, however, Western systems were in full flower and the emphasis in them upon the theory of knowledge had somehow to be assimilated to Russian interests which were directed rather to such problems as anthropology (in its philosophic sense, the nature of man) and historiosophy (sociological theory). He tells the story of subsequent developments in terms of individual thinkers and in voluminous detail. Although his survey is necessarily encyclopedic rather than critical in character, it is an immensely valuable addition to the library of philosophy.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

MATHEMATICS A LA TWENTIETH CENTURY: Every once in a while something happens which emphasizes, with startling clarity, the fact that an enormous gap exists between the scientists and the layman. Pretentious works of pseudoscience make best-seller lists. Well-meaning citizens rush to the support of a doctor whose "cancer treatment" has been found worthless by his professional colleagues. A Federal official fires the head of a leading research laboratory because tests showed that an industrial product did not live up to its advertising notices. In these and similar cases it is not a matter of differences which can be settled simply by talking things over. The chief problem is a complete failure to understand even the elements of the scientific method.

Morris Kline's **"Mathematics in Western Culture"** (Oxford University Press, $7.50) must be regarded as a particularly significant book in view of this state of affairs.

His book is concerned with the full meaning of mathematics, as the purest and most powerful expression of man's desire to prove the validity of his ideas. For centuries it was believed that Euclid's geometry, the subject we were exposed to in high school, was the only "true" geometry. If people had been content to take this belief on faith, and let it go at that, life might be simpler today. But they had to go and spoil things by trying to prove the belief to other people, and it couldn't be proved. Instead, the search for a proof yielded an entire galaxy of new geometries. Because the men who discovered them—Gauss, Lobatchevsky, Bolyai, and Riemann—were the purest of pure mathematicians their works had a revolutionary impact.

Professor Kline traces the intellectual trail that leads from the new geometries to Einstein's theory of relativity and then, in more recent times, to the development of atomic energy. The very foundations of philosophy are affected, since Kant based his notions on the absolute truth of Euclid's theorems. Greek art reflects the spirit of men who lived in a world of calm, static Euclidean perfection; our art reflects a troubled "non-Euclidean" world of changing philosophies. "Mathematics in Western Culture" explores the implications of calculus, the laws of chance, and other fields as well as geometry. It is recommended not only to laymen, but to teachers—especially to those teachers, the majority, who are using textbooks half a century or more out of date. Easily one of the season's most important popularizations of science.

—J. P.

PSI UP-TO-DATE: "Psi occurrences," or simply "psi," is a technical term invented to cover what are more popularly known as psychic experiences. Extrasensory perception (ESP), clairvoyance, and psychokinesis (the direct action of mind on matter) are all manifestations of psi, which is discussed in **"New World of the Mind"** (William Sloane Assoc., $3.75). In his latest book Dr. J. B. Rhine, director of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University and acknowledged leader of present-day psi-explorers, summarizes the status of his field to date. He describes studies to show that persons sympathetic to ESP do better in card-guessing tests than scoffers, that women and children are apt to score higher than adult males, and that cats probably have psi while pigeons may use ESP in homing.

Dr. Rhine's main emphasis, however, is on future developments. For one thing, research may throw important light on religious problems—and furnish evidence for life after death and the existence of a "universal mind or divine personality." Apparently the psychoanalysts are becoming more and more interested in psi. Dr. C. G. Jung, noted for his theories about racial memories, is cited as one who is "in the forefront of psychiatrists giving attention to parapsychology."

—J. P.

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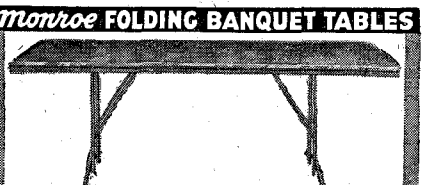

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"If We Are to Act Like Free Men . . . "

Continued from page 10

means is another word for procedure.

You book publishers needn't object to legal censorship on grounds of principle. Long before that philosophical point is reached there is a closer difficulty. There is simply no meeting of the minds between you and the law. The judge's bench and the jury box are manned by average people, and the law is stabilized at the level of their average standards. You aim at the intelligence of the upper tenth of 1 per cent, unless you are in the comic-book business, which God forbid. The result is that when you get to court you feel the chill that blows between the planets. If the law were pitched at your level you would get not censorship but a critique. And you don't censor yourselves, except against libel, because the vast public, which is preoccupied with other things, doesn't catch up with your product—and the law is accordingly in a tolerant mood for the moment. But if I may venture a minor prophecy, it is that the courts will soon get the case of a crime comic book which will swing the spotlight back to publishing and the First Amendment. I suspect that a bit of astute detective work could show a direct connection between reading the comic and juvenile delinquency. If so, it should be the end of that particular form of free speech.

I SAID a moment ago that I grasp eagerly at custom, for custom should be the evolution of the law. Nations with most customs have fewest laws, and their native procedures are instinctive and gracious. Lord Moulton has said that the measure of civilization is the extent of man's obedience to the unenforceable, and a nation whose precepts of conduct were obeyed without sanctions would be a wise and civilized nation indeed. The publishing business has its customs, if we take the self-censorship of the movies and of most magazines with wide circulation as an example. The wider the circulation the purer the product, and vice versa. The movies have perhaps overdone this virtue by censoring themselves into a state of chronic anemia, but publishers and distributors know in the seat of their pocketbooks that America is a very moral nation and will not stand for salacity in general doses. Our high divorce rate is no argument to the contrary, for a different impulse is involved. The cause of divorce is marriage, not immorality, and the divorce rate will not fall until people learn better how to marry.

So I welcome the growth of custom. With it will come an increase in the vitality of our national procedures and a decrease in our concern for naked legal rights, especially when they are a cover for poor quality.

Custom is more efficient than law because it patrols itself. The law isn't particularly efficient: it is generally behind in its work; it tends to staff its courts with political hacks; its filing and recording systems are for the most part archaic; and it can satisfy only half of its customers. The law is not a science: its ultimate terms are opinion and judgment, not proof and demonstration. It can prove nothing that it does, although it can enforce it, and it stands to the public in the relation of a parent whose orders are enforceable because they are based on an historical sense of what conduct is supposed to be good and what isn't. Hence the public has no great respect for the law but has an abiding respect for those who administer it. There is wisdom in the remark of the Lord Chancellor of England who said that when he appointed a judge he chose a gentleman, and if he knew a little law so much the better.

Greater efficiency in the law would only take us down Mr. Hitler's road. We could be more efficient; if we took more time and care than we do we could get more precise answers. But to do this would tempt us to eliminate the disagreeable facts and with them the disagreeable people as well. Our legal system, resting on the great but fluid civil liberties, stops short of the temptation to be efficient; depending upon common consent, it satisfies the public's desire for the decent solution of private warfare at a point well short of absolute justice. This makes the law sound slightly like the system of divine justice in Kafka's strange book "The Trial," but we are still on earth. Every terrestrial legal right has its remedy, but rights are free and remedies cost money, with the result that our remedies are what the community cares to afford. And all remedies are procedural. The end is our brand of justice, and if you want to know what that is go to the corridors of City Hall and watch the faces of people leaving the courtrooms. Justice may be good, bad, or indifferent: it is nothing but the

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quality of what the litigants take home with them from court.

IN CONCLUSION, Lord Moulton's obedience to the unenforceable transmutes our civil liberties from naked legal rights into great statements of procedure. Each one has its duenna, its companion ghost of obligation.

With the freedom of religion goes the freedom to question. Not only the questioning of disbelief, for that too is protected, but rather the way of the mystic, who believes that the narrow path to God can be widened, not by finding better answers but by asking better questions.

With the pledge of security against unreasonable searches and seizures goes the freedom to live on terms; if we can, with the things we possess.

With the right to trial by jury, to the freedom from self-incrimination, and to be confronted with our accusers goes the right to due process, wherever we go and in whatever we do, and the duty to insist upon it.

With freedom of the press goes the freedom to read or to close the book, and it will linger so long as we retain the power to say no.

With the right of free speech goes the right of free silence, particularly when a citizen is challenged without the provision of procedure for a fair fight. And with it the duty, if we do speak, to speak not only freely but fully. There should be less and better talk if this duty were observed, for the difficulty is not so much with free speech as with free truth. That slippery word must be felt rather than defined. Truth may be the temporary resting place of an enlightened judgment. Or it may be what Holmes said of it—that truth was what he couldn't help thinking, with the notion that his can't helps were not necessarily cosmic: and most of us might have to add, unhappily, that they are not necessarily legal or moral either. All that is obvious in this most stubborn of our freedoms is that there must be a battle for quality.

I do not believe that America will gain the issue in the challenge to her way of life if her people do no more than act as they please. We can escape slavery only by lifting the quality of our performance and toughening the ligaments of our procedures: due process of law in the courts; a better quality of expression, which these awards should tend to generate; ends informed by honorable means; and a kind of courtesy that is a constant inner state. If these become the custom of the American people the Bill of Rights will itself become an index of procedure to the better life that a free people can deserve if they will try.

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(*Continued on page 58*)

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(Continued from page 57)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

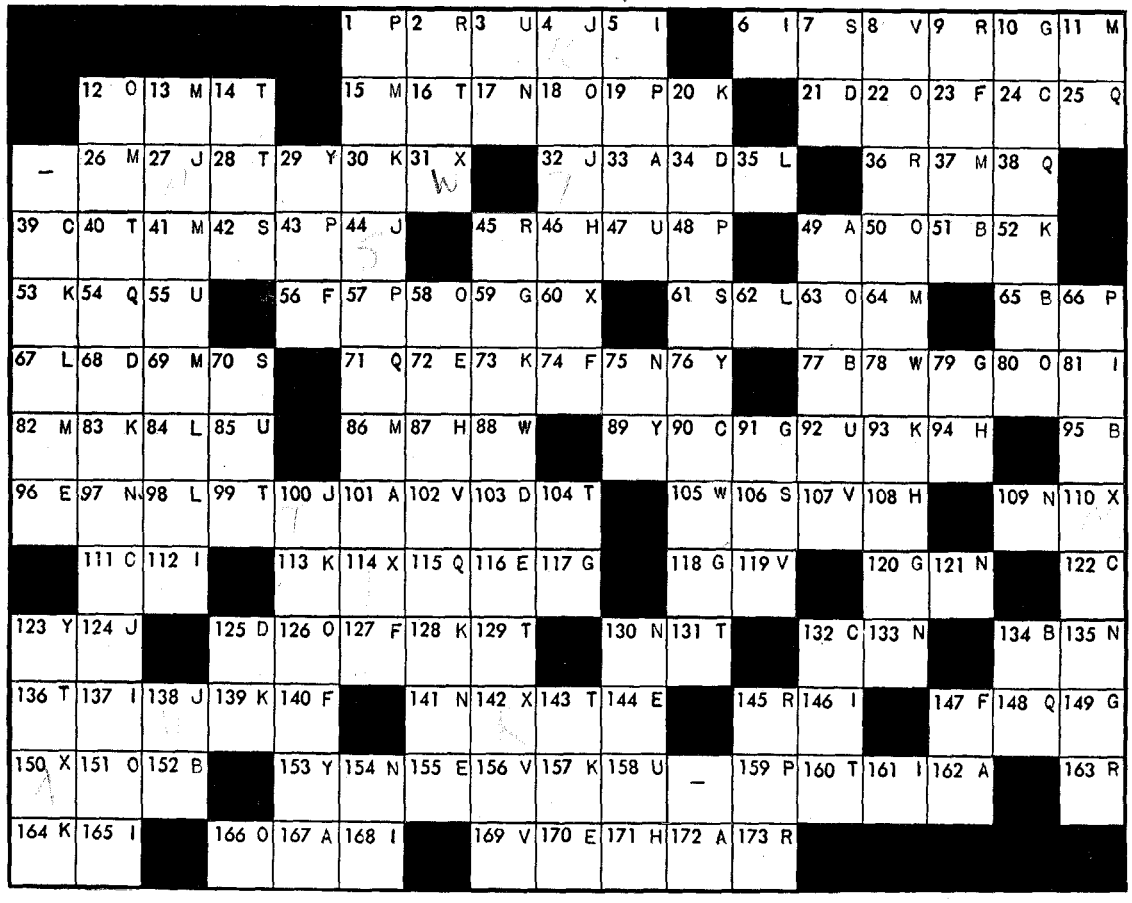
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Motto of California.	162 49 101 167 172 33
B. Wavers in opinion or judgment.	77 51 95 134 152 65
C. What "he that is slow to anger" is better than (Proverbs xvi, 32).	132 90 39 24 122 111
D. Racemose inflorescence in which the axis is much contracted.	103 34 125 68 21
E. City in New Jersey, first site of what became Princeton Univ.	96 144 170 72 155 116
F. Leader of the "Hartford Wits" grandson of Jonathan Edwards (1752-1817).	140 127 74 23 56 147
G. Contend.	79 120 10 149 91 118 59 117
H. Transitory state in development.	108 87 171 94 46
I. The entire personnel of fashionable people.	81 161 112 168 5 6 137 165 146
J. Family name of ancient English noble house, esp. of earls of Westmoreland, Salisbury, Warwick, Northumberland.	44 100 138 27 4 32 124
K. The "Day" when Arizona was admitted to the Union, 1912 (2 wds.).	83 93 73 113 157 128 52 53 164 30 139 20
L. Superintendent of public works, in modern Greece.	84 35 98 62 67
M. Mammal whose head is one-third its total length (2 wds.).	82 37 26 64 86 15 13 69 41 11

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Gregale, tempestuous northeast wind of the Mediterranean.	135 154 17 130 97 141 133 109 121 75
O. Popular English novelist and playwright who first wrote under the pseudonym, Harrington Hext (1862- —).	50 166 22 58 18 80 126 12 63 151
P. Obstructed.	57 48 66 1 159 43 19
Q. Sail (a ship) to windward in a lively sea.	25 54 148 115 38 71
R. Dutch landscapist, pupil of van Ruisdael (1638-1709).	36 9 163 45 173 145 2
S. The kind of light that true love brings, according to Phoebe Cary.	106 61 42 7 70
T. The Congreve comedy of which Valentine Legend is hero (3 wds.).	136 16 28 14 131 40 129 104 160 143 99
U. What "nor time nor place did then", in Lady Macbeth's reproaches to her husband, end of Act I.	47 85 92 55 3 158
V. Father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, and an earlier African explorer and missionary.	107 119 102 8 169 156
W. Governor-general of Philippines when Leonard Wood commanded military forces there.	78 105 88
X. Important river in central N.Y., used in the State Barge Canal system.	110 60 114 150 31 142
Y. The wing whose feather is darkness.	89 29 76 123 153

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 47 of this issue.

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